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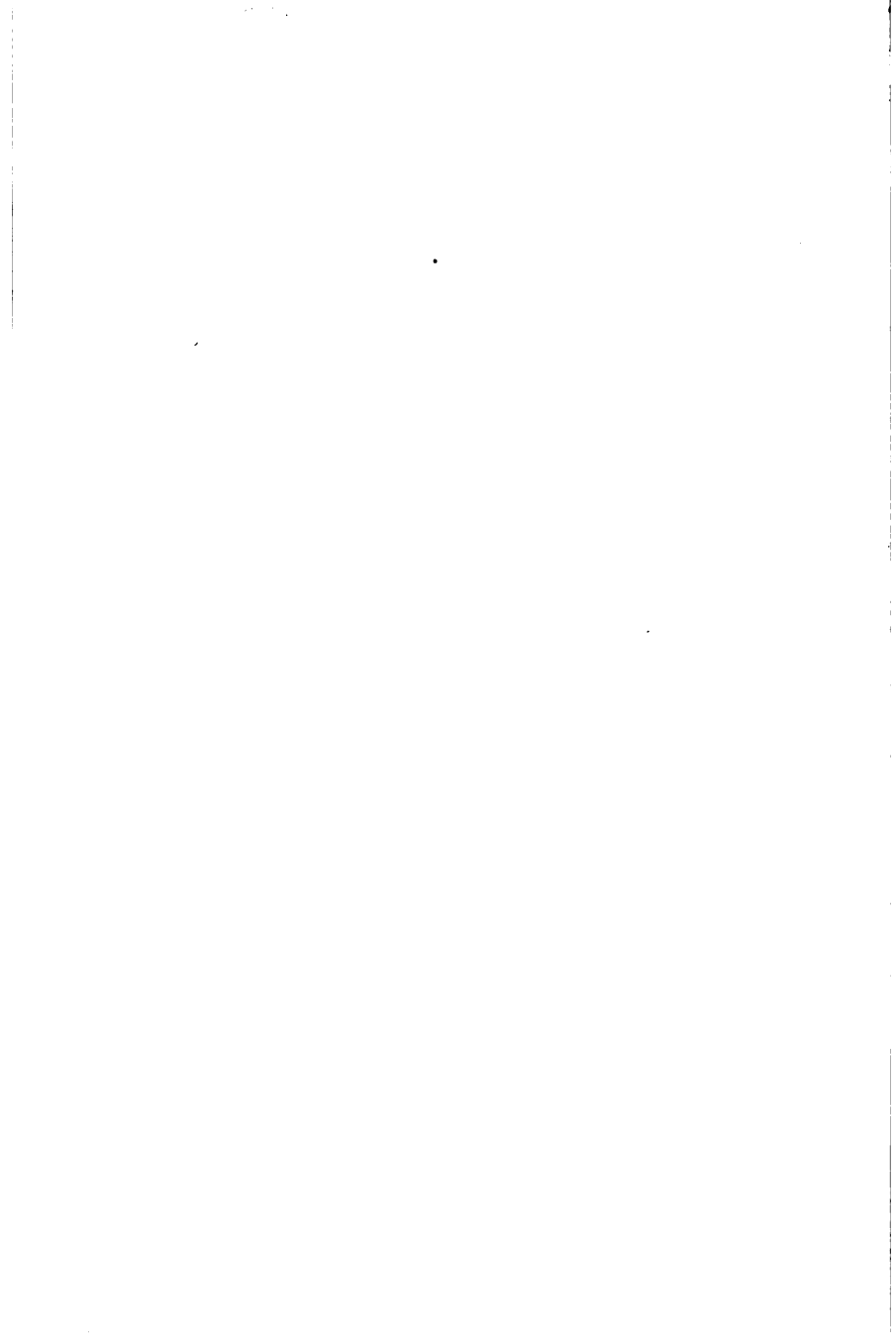
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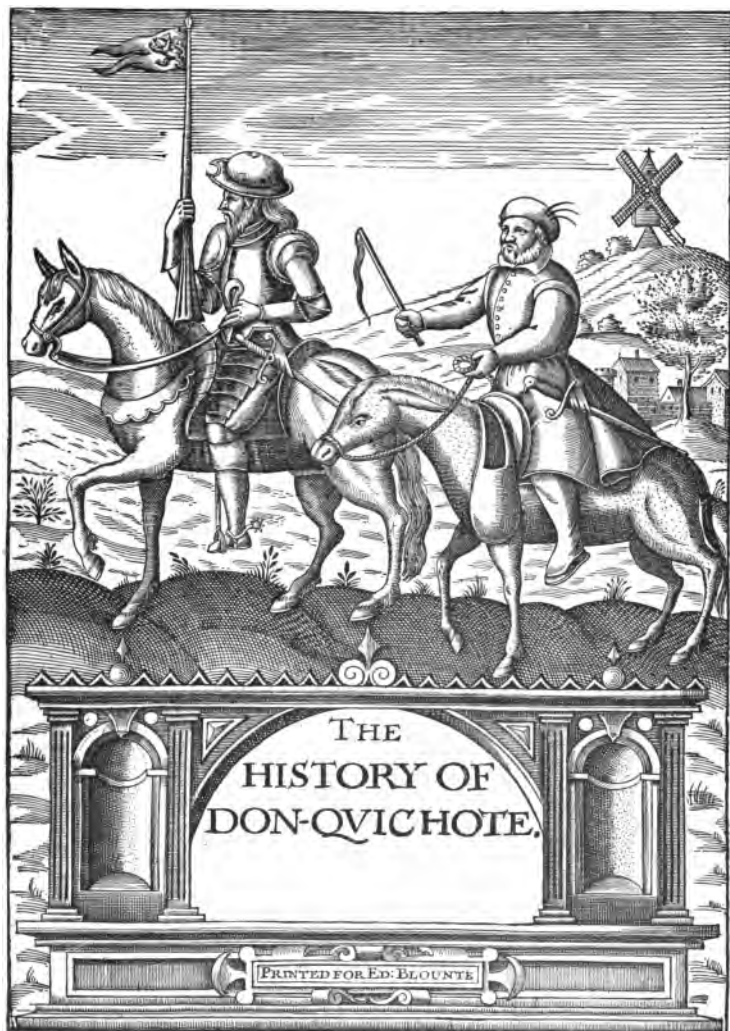




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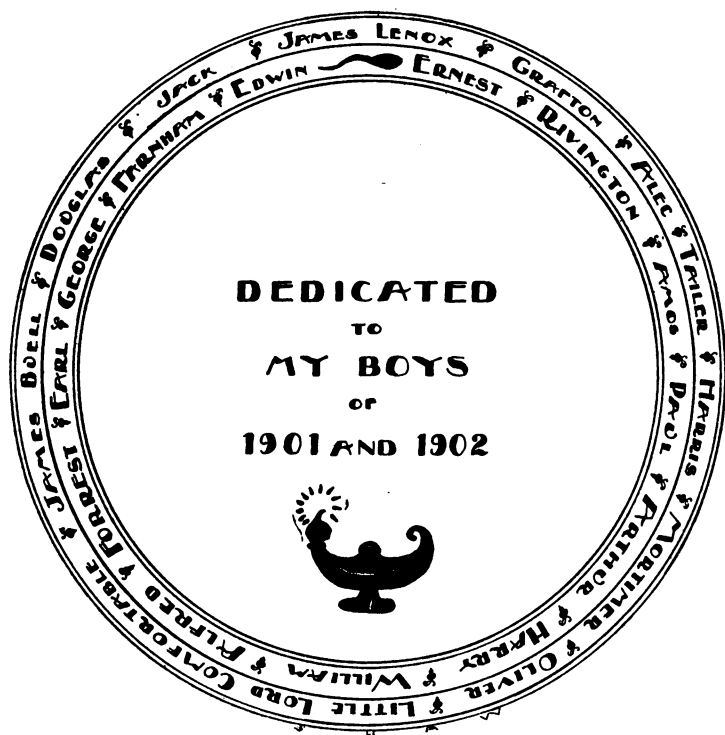
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CERVANTES.

CERVANTES

THE AUTHOR OF DON QUIXOTE

“As I sat down to write this notice of the immortal poet, dramatist, novelist, and soldier, whose name is at the top of this page,” says Duffield in the biographical preface to his translation of *Don Quixote*, “in my fancy there came a beautiful and flashing angel, which stood over against my desk and said to me, ‘Mortal, thou art not worthy to stoop down to unloose the shoe latchet of Cervantes, much less to write of his life.’”

“I was not surprised at the angel’s message, and replied, ‘I do not presume to write of this renowned man because I deem me worthy, but because I will not suffer any hand but mine to raise this tablet to his memory. I have made two pilgrimages to his birthplace, and I have visited the other places where he lived and wrote his plays, his poems, and his stories; I have wandered through the miserable town where, against all law and justice, they thrust

him into jail, and I have stood hours at a time on the Spanish shore where he landed, free from his cruel captivity. I have read his *Don Quixote* more than twenty times, nor have I allowed one word of mine to intrude itself into my translation of this most chaste and loving book. I would have visited his grave, but they could not tell me where they had laid him.' 'Enough,' said the shining one, and soared away into the blue ether."

"Cervantes was born at Alcalá de Henares, in Castile, on the 9th of October, 1547. Neither the month nor the place of his birth was known until more than two hundred years had rolled on. After his fame had spread through the world and the honors which had been denied him in his own country had been lovingly bestowed on his memory by all the polite nations of the world, there ensued a general scramble throughout the towns and cities of Spain for the renown of having given him birth. At an early age Cervantes left the banks of the Henares for Madrid, where his kindred supposed him to be busy with the study of law or physic or theology. Doubtless, however, he betook him to poetry, idleness, and the play; he preferred the delights of the stage to the honors of the schools. We find him in his twenty-first

year still in Madrid, beloved and praised by those who had the guidance of his life. About this time he printed his first verses and left Madrid for Rome."

In 1570 the Turks seized the island of Cyprus and took it by assault to snatch "the golden ornaments from the arms and necks of Christian maidens" and prey upon the riches of the country. Italy, France, Spain, and Venice formed an alliance to resist, and Cervantes enlisted as a soldier. In his first and last battle, Lepanto, he lost his left hand, and the Turks took him prisoner on the high seas and carried him to Africa, where he was kept in a most cruel captivity for five years. At length money was borrowed by a monk to pay his ransom, and Cervantes returned to Spain. He describes himself as "neither tall nor short, somewhat bent in the shoulders, not nimble of foot, an oval face, chestnut hair, and a curved, well-proportioned nose." He was "commonly called Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra," he says. He wrote from twenty to thirty comedies which were well received. The great poet of Spain, Lope de Vega, says of him, "His genius changed dull lead to purest diamond." Cervantes took a generous interest in the literary labors of his contemporaries, but his own superior work was

treated with scorn by the Spanish court. "He lived poor, despised, and wretched, in the midst of a nation which he enlightened in peace, and to whose victories he contributed his blood in war," and he died without reaping any fame. Before the advent of Don Quixote the Spanish press boasted of more than five hundred books of chivalry, "tales full of sound and fury," leading headlong to a corruption of the public imagination and toward the downfall of Spain. "My sole object," says Cervantes, "has been to sweep away the whole swarm of the books of chivalry."

"A book of chivalry," says Duffield, "comes first to make men drunk, and then to make them mad—to steal away their brains and then leave them to the mercy of all that is antagonistic to manliness. Books of chivalry are full of foul and dismal lies, set forth as truths. They appeal to men's fancies with the full force of that authority which children love to obey." No more books of chivalry were printed in Spain after the appearance of Don Quixote, so great was the chorus of laughter which it evoked. No one dared to raise a finger against the author who had wrought this miracle, but he was met with cold silence by those who suspected him of a personal thrust. Books of

chivalry have, in this age, been replaced by worse forms of literary production, thousands upon thousands of tales, more vulgar, idiotic, and inane, without even the literary charm of the Books of Enchantment, or the redeeming vice of being wholly imaginary, half lies ever worse than whole ones, the rank novel, boys' books of adventure, and the columns of criminal news in newspapers. Don Quixote stands now, as it stood in the days of Cervantes, a corrective to and a warning against those floods of literature that corrupt the public taste and develop the national sin, flippant facetiousness, for these books answer every pernicious purpose of the books of chivalry.

In a charming volume, "On the Trail of Don Quixote," the writer says: "It is incredible how few changes have taken place in the home of the hero since the days of his wanderings. The customs, the character, the manner of dress, and the speech of its inhabitants have remained practically unchanged, and of its landmarks, Cervantes has made such vivid pictures that one finds it easy to identify them." . . . "The remnants and voices of the past form an essential part of the present living." . . . "Not only do the inhabitants of certain villages of La Mancha dress to-day like Sancho Panza but

all Manchegans are mines of those old sayings in which the wisdom of generations is crystallized into proverbs, which, like him, they constantly use to sum up a terse situation." Don Quixote is based on geographical area of more than fifty thousand square miles, a space as large as England or the State of New York. It includes the Basin of the Guadiana River and the central plateau of Spain, from the coast of Andalusia on the south to Asturia and Castile on the north.

Don Quixote is often quoted as the most important work of fiction ever written. It is an epoch-making book, one I cannot afford to omit from my school-work. I have, for years, culled for school use, what I have needed in my work, from the stately pages of Duffield's translation, so highly commended by Ruskin, Gladstone, and other of the great scholars of our age. But it is a great tax on a teacher's time and ingenuity to sift from these massive volumes the stories suitable to the school-room, where time is limited and enthusiastic young listeners are calling out for more. Hence, with Miss Cable's help, I have prepared this abridged volume, keeping the vital points and the thread of the story, in the faith that a bird's-eye view

of this unapproachable romance may add some charm to the usually dry process of learning to recognize print.

MARY E. BURT.

THE JOHN A. BROWNING SCHOOL,
New York, April, 1902.

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DON QUIXOTE

CHAPTER I

THE RENOWNED GENTLEMAN, DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA. HIS CONDITION AND WAY
OF LIVING

IN a village of La Mancha, there lived not long ago a knight. His real name may have been Quixada or Quisada, though on this point histories disagree. He was one of those knights who always kept a lance ready for use, as well as an old shield, a lean horse and a swift greyhound. His food was poor. Almost every night he had a pot of beef or mutton soup for dinner and cold meat with onions. On Saturdays he had a pie that was not much better than garbage; lentils on Fridays and pigeons by way of a treat on Sundays. This poor living ate up three-fourths of his income. The rest of it was spent for clothing. He had a short coat of fine cloth with breeches and slippers of plush for holy-days, while on work-days he dressed himself out in his finest homespun. He kept one

maid-servant, over forty years of age, who was his house-keeper as well ; and a man-servant for field and market. Besides these, his niece, a girl of twenty years or less, made her home with him. The age of our knight was nearly fifty years. He was spare of flesh and had a long, lean face. He had vigorous habits, was an early riser and fond of the chase. But he gave himself up to reading books of chivalry with such eagerness and relish that he neglected to take proper exercise and to look after his estate ; he lost all judgment in the purchase of these books and became so extravagant that he sold many acres of fertile land in order to buy them.

The books were full of wild adventures, the doings of enchanters, and the complaints of unhappy lovers. The knight frequently sat up all night to read them and in this way the poor gentleman lost his wits. He often went to the priest of his village to discuss these stories with him, and there was a village barber who liked to join in the debates. The knight became so interested and entangled in the stories that he would go home and pore over them till it was day and again all day until it was night. Thus with little sleep and much reading, his brain dried up so that he came to lose his reason.

His imagination was full of all that he read in his books,—enchantments, battles, quarrels, challenges, wounds, complaints, loves, storms and impossible absurdities. These fanciful inventions became so seated in his imagination that for him there was no more certain history in the world. He praised the Knight of the Flaming Sword, who with a single stroke had cleft asunder two fierce giants. He liked another knight still better because he had slain Orlando the enchanted after the manner of Herakles who strangled the giant Antæus in his arms. Above all he admired a knight who sallied forth from his castle to rob all he met; and when in a pagan land carried off that idol of Mahomet, which was all of gold. He would say in good faith that he would give his house-keeper and his niece to boot for the pleasure of kicking the traitor Galalon.

Having lost his reason he now fell into one of the strangest conceits that ever entered the head of a madman. He conceived the notion that it was his duty to turn knight-errant and go through the world with his arms and his horse, to seek adventures and to exercise himself in all that he had read which pertained to knightly chivalry. He must redress all manner of wrongs and face all kinds of dangers and so

cover himself with glory and make a name for himself which would be eternal. Such deeds were right and needful for the increase of his honor and for the good of the commonwealth.

The poor soul imagined himself already crowned emperor of Trebizond by the valor of his arm. Wrapt in such delightful fancies and carried away by the strange pleasure he had in them, he lost no time in acting according to his wild dreams.

The first thing he did was to clean some arms that had belonged to his great-grand folks. They were mouldy and eaten with rust and had been, ages ago, thrown into a corner and forgotten. But he cleaned and repaired them to the best of his ability. He saw that they had one great defect: they had no helmet except a plain head-piece. But his ingenuity supplied one, for he took some pasteboard and made a kind of visor and fastened it to the cap, making it look like a complete helmet.

He wondered if it were strong enough to risk a cut, so he drew his sword and gave it two strokes. The first blow broke it in pieces. This did not please him and he made it anew, lining it with strips of iron. He did not care to strike it again with his sword, but pronounced it to be the finest of helmets.

He then went to look at his horse. The poor old rouncy had more ailments than there are farthings in a florin, yet the knight believed that no other horse could equal him, not even Alexander's Bucephalus. Four days passed in devising a name for him. He said that the horse of so famous a knight ought not to lack a high-sounding name. So he sought one that should declare what a good horse he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, as well as what he was then; for it was only reasonable that his master should take a new name also, for pomp and renown, one that would be suited to the new way of life he now professed. And so, after many names were invented, blotted out, liked and disliked, and turned over in his mind, the knight, at last, called the horse Rozi-nante, which means to go from bad to worse. But in his imagination it seemed to be a sonorous name, significant of what he had been when a plain rouncy, before what he now was, the first and foremost of all rouncies in the world.

Having given to his horse the name so much to his liking, he resolved to give one to himself. He thought about it for eight days and at length concluded to call himself Don Quixote. In one of his books of chivalry he had found a knight called Amadis who was not content with the

dry name of Amadis, but added to it that of his kingdom and country to make it famous, calling himself Amadis de Gaul; so he, too, like a goodly knight added to his name and styled himself Don Quixote de la Mancha, which, to his mind, declared plainly his lineage and his country, and the honor he had done it in adopting its name.

His armor being cleaned, his helmet fitted up, his horse named, he now bethought him that he lacked nothing but a lady with whom to fall in love. For a knight-errant that is loveless is a tree without leaves or fruit, a body without a soul. He would say to himself, "If I by my good fortune or for my sins, meet some giant and overthrow him or cleave him in two, will it not be well to have a lady to whom I could send him as a trophy? He would enter her presence and throw himself on his knees before her and say in a humble and submissive voice, 'Sweet lady, I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of Malindrania's Isle, vanquished in combat by the knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose valor can never be sufficiently extolled. He orders me to present myself to your ladyship, to be disposed of according to the good pleasure of your highness!'"

Oh, how glad was our good knight when he

made that discourse, and still more when he found one whom he could call his queen. The choosing of his lady was on this wise: In a village some distance from his own, there was a very handsome country girl, with whom in days gone by he had been in love, although, as is supposed, she never knew or took notice of it.

Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought good to bestow the title of mistress of his heart; and searching for a name, one which while it sounded like her own, should be grand enough for a princess, he called her *Dulcinea del Toboso*—for she was a native of Toboso. This name, which means the Sweet One of Toboso, was, in the imagination of our knight, melodious, romantic, and significant, like the names he had given to himself and his horse.

CHAPTER II

DON QUIXOTE MAKES HIS FIRST SALLY

THESE things being done, our knight hastened to carry out his plans. His imagination urged him on. He thought of the damage his tardiness was doing in the world, there were so many wrongs to set right, so many grievances to avenge, injuries to repair, and debts to pay. And so, without telling his plans to any person and without being seen by anyone, he put on his armor before the break of day one hot morning in July, mounted upon Rozinante, put on his ill-made helmet, braced on his shield, seized his lance, and stealing out by the back door of his yard, sallied off into the country with great glee.

But scarcely did he find himself away from the town when a terrible thought assailed him. For it came to his memory that he had never been dubbed a knight, and, according to the laws of chivalry, he could not take up arms against any knight. And even if he had been dubbed a knight it would be his duty to carry white armor as a virgin knight until he had won a

right to put a device on his shield by some distinguished success in battle.

These thoughts made him falter in his purpose. But his folly was greater than his reason, so he resolved to have himself made a knight by the first person he should chance to meet, in imitation of others who thus had done in the books of chivalry which had brought him to that state. It would not be easy to get white armor, so he proposed to scour his own until it should be whiter than ermine. In this manner he quieted himself and pursued his course. He let Rozinante choose the road and go as he willed, since that was the custom of the knights of old and it was believed to be the right way of finding adventures.

As Don Quixote rode along he began to talk to himself. He said: "Who doubts but what in the times to come the history of my brave deeds shall come to light? The writer of my history will tell of this my first sally so early in the morning. He will praise me for quitting my bed of soft feathers to travel over these well-known plains. May he not forget my good horse, Rozinante, my companion in all journeys forevermore." By-and-by he began again as if truly in love: "O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, thou hast done

me much wrong in sending me away. Thou wilt not allow me to come into the presence of thy great beauty. I pray thee, lady, think of this subject heart that doth suffer so many pangs for love of thee."

To these extravagant fancies he went on adding others, all in the style of those he had found in his books of chivalry, imitating their language as far as he could. He rode along slowly, occupied by these thoughts, but the sun mounted so fast that the heat was enough to melt his brains. He travelled nearly all that day without meeting any adventure and this filled him with despair; for he greatly longed to run against someone with whom he could have a tilt and so prove the valor of his mighty arm.

At night he and his rouncy found themselves weary and dying of hunger. Looking about him on all sides to see if he could discover some castle or some shepherd's fold where to shelter himself and satisfy his hunger, he saw an inn, not far off. It was a star of hope to him and he hastened his pace and arrived there just as the night fell.

By chance two young women stood at the door who were going to Seville. Some mule-drivers, also, happened to be making a halt at

the inn. When Don Quixote saw the inn he imagined it to be a castle with four turrets and pinnacles of glistening silver, a drawbridge and a deep moat. In his books of chivalry such castles were always pictured. As he drew near to the inn he checked the reins of Rozinante, expecting that some dwarf would appear on the battlements to announce, with sound of trumpet, that a knight was approaching the castle. But no dwarf came and Rozinante was in a hurry to arrive at the stable. Don Quixote advanced to the door of the inn and saw the two young women who stood there. They were homely and coarse, but to the knight they appeared to be two lovely maidens, gracious dames who were diverting themselves before the castle gate.

At this moment it happened by chance that a swineherd, who was going to collect a drove of hogs from a stubble-field, sounded a horn to call them together. Don Quixote conceived it to be some dwarf announcing his arrival. So with strange delight, he came up to the inn, and the ladies, full of fear at seeing a man clad in armor, with lance and buckler, were about to run inside. But Don Quixote, seeing that they were afraid, raised his pasteboard visor and showing his lean and dusty face cried out :

"Fair ladies, do not fear any offence from me. It would not be seemly for one of the order of chivalry to do harm to anyone, least of all to such exalted maidens as your presence denotes you to be."

The young women stared at him. When they heard themselves called such fine names they could not contain their laughter, for they were not accustomed to high-sounding appellations. This threw Don Quixote into confusion and he said, "We expect politeness from fair ladies. Excessive laughter is a great folly. I do not say this to show you ill favor. I have no other desire than to serve you."

The young women could not understand this language, and the wretched figure of the knight only increased their laughter. This enraged him the more and a quarrel would have ensued, but just then the innkeeper came out. He was very fat and consequently very peaceful. When he saw the grotesque figure of the knight whose arms and reins and shield and corselet were so ill-matched he shook with mirth which he did not dare display openly. He really feared this machine of war and determined to speak civilly to him, so he said: "If your worship, sir knight, be in search of lodging, you will find everything in abundance

in this inn except a bed, for there is not one in the house."

Don Quixote imagined the innkeeper to be the governor of the fortress, for the inn still seemed to him to be a castle, and being pleased with his manners assured him that he could get along with any accommodations. So the innkeeper went up to Don Quixote to hold his stirrup and help him to alight. The knight dismounted with much difficulty, for he had eaten nothing all day and was faint with hunger. He told the host to take care of his charger, for he was the best bit of horseflesh that ever ate bread. The landlord looked at the beast, and did not think him so good as Don Quixote said, nor even half so good. Putting him up in the stable, he returned to see what his guest would order. The damsels were helping him off with his armor, for they had become friends with him. They had taken off his breastplate and backpiece, but they did not know how to get his helmet off. He had tied it on with some green ribbons and they could not untie the knots. They wanted to cut the ribbons, but Don Quixote would not consent to that, so he sat all night with his helmet on, being the drollest figure which anyone could imagine.

As they disarmed him, he paid them high compliments, still imagining them to be ladies of the castle. He made a poem off-hand praising them, and he told them that his horse's name was Rozinante, while his own was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and he promised to serve them like a valiant knight when the occasion should present itself. The young women did not know what to make of this, but asked him if he would like something to eat.

"Indeed I should be glad of some food," said Don Quixote. "A little meat would do me good." As bad luck would have it, that day was Friday and there was nothing to eat in the inn except some fish. They were very small, but Don Quixote ordered that they should be brought as soon as possible, so the table was placed at the door of the inn, in the open air, and the landlord brought his guest the worse-cooked portion imaginable, and a loaf of bread as black and grimy as his arms.

It was a matter of great laughter to see him eat, for he kept his helmet on and the visor up, and as he could put nothing into his mouth with his own hands, another had to give it to him. One of the young women had to do him that service. But to give him drink was impossible, so the innkeeper took a hollow reed,

and putting one end in his mouth, poured in the wine at the other. The knight patiently endured all this rather than cut the ribbons of his helmet.

In the midst of it a swineherd arrived at the inn by chance. As he drew near, he sounded his pipe of reeds four or five times, which confirmed Don Quixote in the belief that he was in some famous castle, that they were honoring him with music, that the bad fish were the finest of trout, the loaf white bread, the young women courtly dames, the innkeeper a governor of the castle; and all this seemed to justify him in the start he had made. But what most afflicted him was that he was not dubbed knight, and therefore he could not lawfully engage in any adventure.

CHAPTER III

DON QUIXOTE RECEIVES THE ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD

VEXED by this thought, he hurried through his scant pot-house supper, called the landlord, and shutting himself up with him in the stable, he fell on his knees before him and exclaimed, "Never will I rise from this place until your courtesy shall grant me the boon I am about to ask, which will redound to your praise and the good of the human race."

The innkeeper was confused and stared at him, not knowing what to say. He implored Don Quixote to rise, and promised to grant him the boon which he sought.

"I expected no less from your lordship," responded Don Quixote. "The boon I seek is this, that in the morning you have me made a knight. This evening I will hold a watch of arms in the chapel of this your castle. And in the morning my desire shall be fulfilled that I may be able to go through the four parts of the earth in quest of adventures on behalf of the distressed."

The landlord, who was a bit of a wag, and suspected that his guest was not in his right mind, resolved to have some fun at his expense. So he told him that he was right in what he desired. He said that he himself in his youth had been a knight, roaming through different parts of the earth seeking adventures, not omitting fish slums and all sorts of bad places where he played the thief, making himself widely known for his wickedness. And at last he had come to retire to this castle, where he lived on his own estate and on the estate of others, entertaining all knights-errant solely for the affection which he bore them and that they might pay him well for his good will. He said also that in his castle there was no chapel where he might keep the vigil of his arms, for it had been pulled down in order to be built up again. But there was a courtyard of the castle where he might watch over his arms, and in the morning the needful ceremonies might be performed. He asked him if he had any money.

Don Quixote replied that he had not any, for he had never read in any of the books of chivalry that knights carried money. The inn-keeper told him that he was mistaken on that point; that the authors of those books thought there was no need to mention things so neces-

sary as money and clean shirts. It was certain, he said, that knights-errant carried purses full of gold, as well as shirts and a little box of ointment to dress the wounds they received. For there was not always in fields and deserts where they did battle someone to tend their wounds and heal them, unless they could summon an enchanter who could perform miracles and heal them on the spot, bringing through the air, on a cloud, some virgin or dwarf, with a flask of magic water, of such virtue that in tasting a single drop of it, presently on the instant they were cured of their sores and wounds as if they had received no damage.

But when magic could not be relied on, the knights of old held it necessary to provide their squires with money and lint and salves for healing. If it happened that a knight had no squire (which was a thing almost unheard of), then he carried everything himself in a wallet so fine that it could hardly be seen, fitted to the haunches of his horse. And the innkeeper advised Don Quixote never again to travel without money and the other things spoken of.

The knight promised to do all that the host had advised. And then the order was given how he should watch his arms in a great yard which was at the side of the inn; and Don

Quixote, gathering them all together, placed them on a stone trough adjoining a well which was there, and bracing on his shield, he grasped his lance, and with a serene countenance began to pace up and down before the trough. As he began his walk, the night closed in.

The landlord went into the inn and told all the inmates about the madness of his guest, the watching of the arms, and the ceremony which was to be performed the next morning. Wondering at so strange a kind of madness, they went out to look at him from a distance. They saw that he sometimes paced up and down with tranquil gait, and at other times, leaning on his lance, he fixed his eyes upon his armor, without taking them off for a good space of time.

The night had fallen, but with such a bright moon that everyone could see what Don Quixote did. Just then one of the mule-drivers at the inn took a fancy to go and water his mules. He was obliged to remove the armor of Don Quixote from the top of the trough. Don Quixote saw him come up and exclaimed in a loud voice, "O, thou audacious knight, who dares to touch the arms of the most valiant errant man that ever girded sword, look well what thou dost, and touch them not, for it may cost thee thy life!"

The mule-driver did not care for these words. He seized the arms by the straps and flung them a good distance from him. Don Quixote, seeing him do it, raised his eyes to heaven and, fixing his thoughts on his lady Dulcinea, exclaimed: "Help me, lady mine, in this first affront which is offered to this breast enthralled to thee. Give me thy protection in this first peril." Then he lifted his lance with both hands and gave the mule-driver such a blow on the head that he felled him to the ground. One more blow of that sort would have put him beyond all need of a surgeon. This done, the knight put his armor back on the trough and began to pace up and down again with the same serenity as before.

The mule-driver lay there stunned. Another mule-driver, without knowing what had happened, came up with the same intention of giving water to his mules. He also proceeded to take the armor off from the trough, and Don Quixote, without speaking a word, lifted his lance and made more than three pieces of the mule-driver's head. All the people in the inn, including the landlord, ran to help the mule-driver. Seeing this, Don Quixote braced on his shield, and putting his hand to his sword, exclaimed: "Queen of Beauty, strength of my

fainting heart, now is the time for thee to turn thine eyes upon thy captive knight." With that his courage rose so high that he would not have turned back if all the mule-drivers in the world had attacked him.

The companions of the wounded men began to throw stones at Don Quixote, who defended himself as well as he could with his shield, but he did not move away from the trough, for he would not abandon his arms. The landlord called out to them to leave him alone, for he had already told them that he was mad, and that, as a madman, the law could not punish him though he should kill them all.

Don Quixote, in a voice still louder, called them cowards and traitors. He said that the lord of the castle was a base-born knight and a villain since he allowed a knight-errant to be treated so discourteously, and, if he had but received the order of knighthood, he would make him sorry for his perfidy.

"Come on, you vile rabble," he exclaimed. "Assail me as you may. You will see the reward of your madness and presumption!"

He uttered these words with so much spirit that his assailants were terrified. They left off pelting him and Don Quixote began pacing up and down again keeping the vigil of his

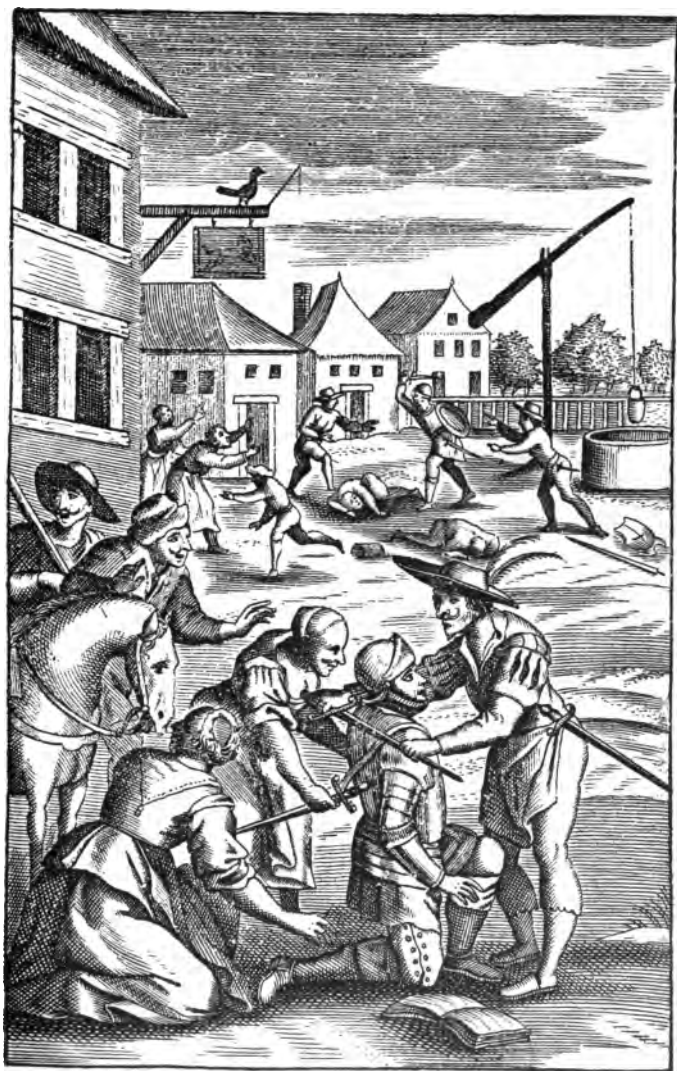
arms, while the mule-drivers carried off their wounded comrades.

The landlord did not like these pranks of his mad guest and resolved to cut them short. So he approached Don Quixote and apologized for the insolence of the base fellows who had tried to remove his armor. He said that he was not to blame for it himself, for he knew nothing about it until it was all done. He said that they had been properly punished and he was ready to perform the ceremony of making him a knight at once. All that was necessary was to give him a slap on the neck with the hand and the stroke on the shoulder with a sword. This could be done in the middle of a field or anywhere as well as in a chapel. Only a vigil of two hours was needed in watching the arms and the knight had already given four.

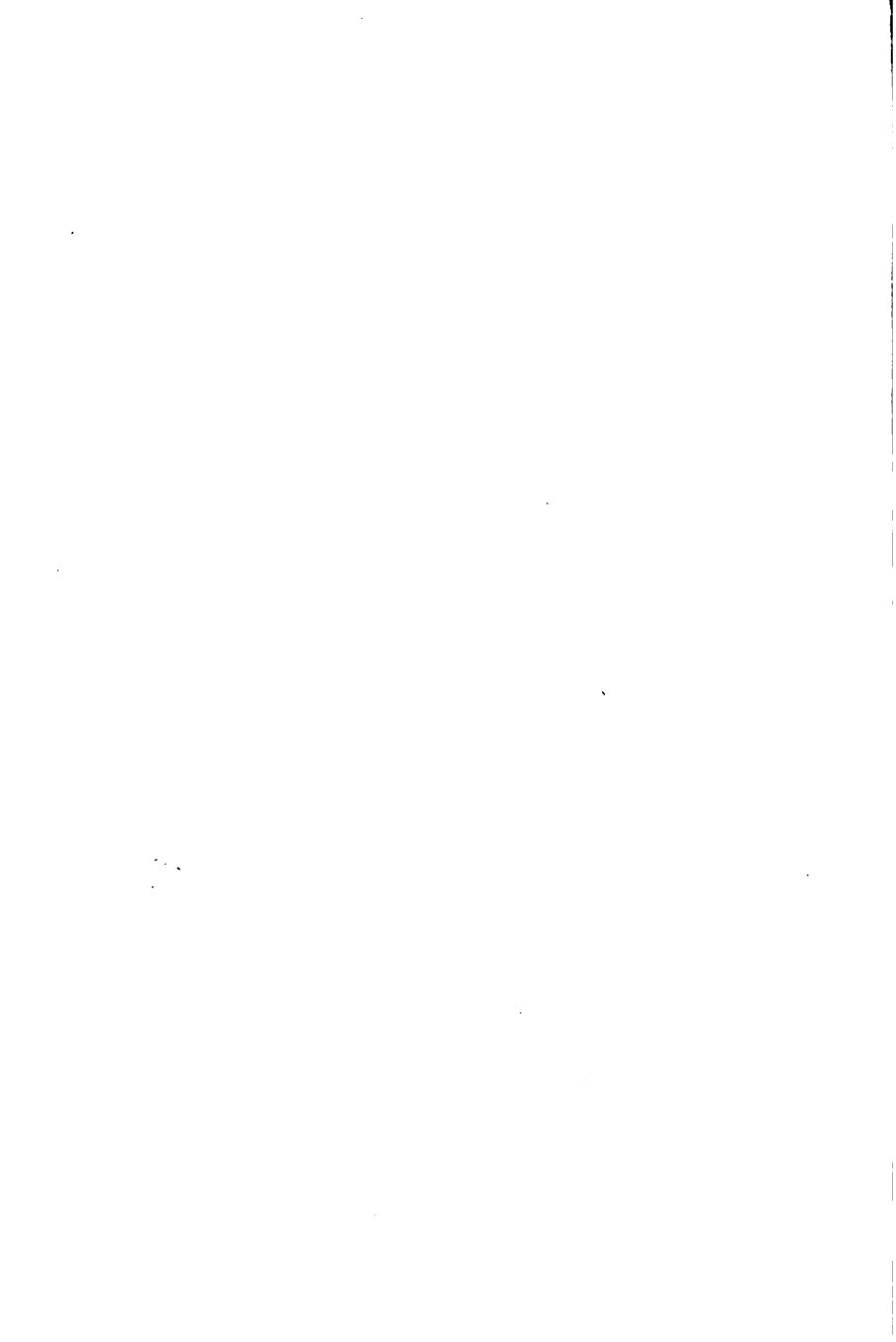
All this Don Quixote believed. He said he was ready to obey him and begged him to be as brief as possible, for he wished to slay every one in the castle as soon as he was dubbed knight, if he were again assaulted.

The lord of the castle being fearful began to hurry matters.

He had no bible or prayer-book, so he brought out at once an account-book in which he was accustomed to set down the straw and



THE KNIGHTING OF DON QUIXOTE.



barley which he served out to the mule-drivers. A little lad held the candle for the ceremony and the two young women stood by the inn-keeper while he commanded Don Quixote to kneel down before him. Then reading from his account-book as though he were devoutly reading prayers from a prayer-book, he raised his hand and gave him a great blow on the neck, and after that, with his own sword, a stroke on the shoulder, muttering something all the time between his teeth as if saying prayers.

This done he commanded one of the ladies to gird him with his sword, which she did with much skill and discretion. It was all she could do to keep from bursting into laughter, but remembering the fate of the mule-drivers she kept her mirth within bounds. As the good lady girded on his sword she said, "God make your worship a fortunate knight and give you good hap in battle."

Don Quixote asked her name that he might know to whom he was indebted for the service she had done him in this ceremony. Some time he hoped to give her some part of the honor which should come to him through success in battle. She answered meekly that they called her La Tolosa and she was the daughter

of a cobbler of Toledo; but wherever she might be she would hold him in respect. Don Quixote requested her to take the name Doña Tolosa, since it was more pretentious and so suited his mood. She promised to do so, and the other girl buckled on his spur. Don Quixote inquired her name and she told him that they called her La Molinera and that she was the daughter of a miller of Antequera. The knight asked her to assume the name of Doña Molinera and told her that he would remember her when honors came to him.

The ceremonies being over Don Quixote could not rest until he was on horseback and in quest of adventures. Quickly saddling Rozinante, he mounted him and embracing his host uttered strange thanks for the favor done him in making him a knight. The innkeeper replied in the briefest words possible and let him go on his way without paying his bill, glad enough to see him depart.

CHAPTER IV

DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST ENCOUNTER. HE RIGHTS
THE WRONG DONE ANDRES, THE SHEP-
HERD LAD.

DON QUIXOTE left the inn at break of day. He was in high glee and so enraptured at being made a knight that the delight was ready to burst the girths of his horse. But the innkeeper had so impressed it on his mind that he needed money, clean shirts, and a squire that he resolved to return home for these supplies. He had in mind a poor, clownish, country fellow who had a family of children and who would make a good squire. He turned Roziante's head toward home and the horse, knowing that he was on his way to the dear old place, began to travel with such speed that his feet seemed hardly to touch the ground.

They had not gone far when Don Quixote heard the feeble cries of a complaining person in the woods close by. He gave thanks to Heaven for sending a chance to prove himself a good knight and turned his horse toward

the place from which the cries came. Here he found a mare tied to an oak, and a boy of about fifteen years tied to another tree, crying bitterly and not without cause ; for a farmer of stalwart form was giving him many lashes with a girdle, each lash being accompanied with a rebuke and a lecture.

After each blow the boy would cry out, "I will not do so any more, master mine ; I will not do it again. I promise after this to take care of the flock."

Don Quixote, seeing what was passing, exclaimed in an angry voice, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to strike one unable to defend himself. Mount thy horse and take thy lance," (for he also had a lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was fastened), "and I will make thee know that it is only cowards who do what thou art doing."

The farmer, beholding that figure towering above him, bristling with arms and brandishing a lance in his face, gave himself up for dead and answered humbly, "Sir knight, the boy whom I am chastising is my servant. I pay him to look after a flock of sheep. But he is so careless that I lose one each day ; and because I correct him for his rascality, he tells me that I am stingy and that I want to cheat him out of

his wages, but before God and my conscience, he lies."

"The lie before me, vile rustic!" exclaimed Don Quixote. "By the sun that shines over us, I have a mind to run my lance through thee. Pay him at once and let him go free or I will destroy thee."

The farmer bent his head, and, without saying a word, unloosed his servant, of whom Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him; and the lad replied, "Nine months' wages at seven reals a month." Don Quixote reckoned it up and found that it amounted to sixty-three reals. He ordered the farmer to pay it to him on the spot. The trembling farmer replied that it was not true that he owed the lad so much, for he had supplied him with three pairs of shoes and had paid for two blood-lettings when he was sick.

"No matter about that," answered Don Quixote; "just let the shoes and blood-lettings be set down to balance the lashes you have given him without cause; for if he has worn out the leather of the shoes which you paid for, you have worn out the skin of his body. And if the barber took blood from him when he was ill, you have taken his blood when he was well; so in this respect he owes you nothing."

"The worst of it is, sir knight, that I have no money here. Let Andres come home with me, and I will pay him every real in full."

"I will not go with him!" exclaimed the boy. "The devil take me if I do. No, sir, not if I know it, for when he has me alone, he will flay me alive!"

"He will not do so," replied Don Quixote; "if he swears by the order of knighthood which he has received, I will let him go free and I will assure you the payment."

"Consider, your worship, what you say," cried the boy, "for this master of mine is no knight at all; he has never received any order of knighthood. He is a rich farmer."

"That is not a matter of any importance," replied Don Quixote. "Every man is the son of his own works."

"That is true," said Andres; "but this master of mine does no work. He denies me the wages of my sweat and labor."

"I do not deny thee thy wages, friend Andres," replied the farmer; "just do me the favor to come with me and I swear by all the orders of knighthood in the world, I will pay thee every real in full and perfumed into the bargain."

"For the perfumery receive my thanks,"

said Don Quixote. "Give it to him in reals and I shall be satisfied. And see to it that you comply with your oath, or I swear to return and seek you and punish you. And I will find you though you hide yourself more secretly than an eft. And that you may feel strictly bound to comply with this command, know that I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the undoer of wrongs and abuses. And so God be with you ; and do not forget what you have promised and sworn, on peril of the penalty pronounced."

Saying this, he put spurs to Rozinante, and in a short space had left them.

The farmer followed him with his eyes until he was out of sight, when he returned to his servant, Andres, and said, "Come here, my son, for I would pay thee all I owe thee as that undoer of wrongs hath commanded me." Then seizing him by the arm, he again tied him to the oak, and gave him so many lashes that he nearly died. "Now, Master Andres," said the farmer, "call on that undoer of wrongs ; he will never undo this ; I have a mind to flay thee alive."

However, he untied him at last and let him go in search of his judge and defender. Andres went his way with a rueful face, swearing

that he would find Don Quixote de la Mancha and tell him all that had passed. He departed sobbing and his master remained laughing; and after this manner did Don Quixote undo this wrong.



CHAPTER V

THE SECOND ENCOUNTER. DON QUIXOTE DEMANDS THAT DULCINEA'S BEAUTY BE ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE TRADERS

DON QUIXOTE was very much delighted with what had happened. It seemed a very noble and happy beginning. He rode along on his way to his village talking loudly to himself.

"O beautiful Dulcinea," he said, "thou mayest well call thyself blessed above all other women of the earth. O beautiful above beauties, it has fallen to thy lot to hold subject and devoted to thy will a knight who is and shall be valiant and renowned, Don Quixote de la Mancha! But yesterday the honor of knight-hood was conferred upon him and to-day he has redressed the greatest wrong which injustice could design and cruelty commit. This day he has snatched the lash from the hand of that pitiless enemy, who, without any cause, was scourging a tender infant."

On saying this he came to a road which divided itself into four and he stood still awhile to think. There entered his fancy those

cross-roads where knights-errant used to stand pondering which of the roads they should take. He must do exactly as the knights did in the books of chivalry. Having reflected well, he threw the reins on Rozinante, submitting his will to that of his rouncy, in imitation of the knights of old. The horse followed his first intention, which was to take the road to the stable.

Having gone two miles, Don Quixote saw a great troop of people, some traders going down to a city to buy silk. Six of them were travelling with their parasols and there were four servants on horseback and three mule-drivers on foot.

No sooner did Don Quixote see them than he imagined them to be a body of knights about to attack him. In order to imitate certain passages he had read in his books he fancied that it was an adventure cut out purposely for him. Hence with gallant bearing, he settled himself well in his stirrups, couched his lance, raised his shield to his breast, and posting himself in the middle of the road, stood awaiting the onslaught.

As soon as they were near enough to see and hear, Don Quixote called out to them:—

“Halt all the world, and let all the world confess that there is not a more beautiful dam-

sel living than the Empress of La Mancha, the matchless Dulcinea del Toboso."

The traders halted to look at the strange man who spoke these words. They knew by his appearance and his speech that the man was mad, but they wanted to find out what he was saying. So one of them, who was a great wag, said to him—

"Sir knight, we do not know this lady of whom you speak, but show her to us, and if she is as beautiful as you say, we will declare her so, with all our hearts."

"If I were to show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "what good would there be in declaring what is already so well known? You must, without seeing her, believe and declare it. If not, then you must do battle with me, monstrous and upstart people. And now, whether you come on one by one, as the order of chivalry requires, or all together, as is the custom and vile habit of those of your breed, here I await you, confiding in the right which I have on my side."

"Sir knight," said the trader, "I beseech your worship not to make us burden our consciences by confessing a thing of which we have never heard. Do but show us some picture of this lady, and even though it should be no larger

than a grain of wheat, we shall thus be satisfied. I believe we are already very much on your side: and even if her picture showed her to be blind of one eye, and the other distilled fire and brimstone, to please your worship we will say in her favor all that you desire."

"She distils not, infamous rabble," cried Don Quixote, in great rage,—“she distils not, I say, that which you have said, but only the rarest perfume; nor is she blind, nor hump-backed, but is straighter than a spindle. But ye shall pay for the gross blasphemy which ye have spoken against such beauty."

As he said this, he aimed his lance at the trader who had spoken, and rushed upon him with fury. But by good fortune, Rozinante stumbled and fell midway, or it would have gone hard with the bold trader.

Rozinante fell, and his master rolled some distance over the plain. He tried, again and again, to rise, but each time the weight of his armor, his lance and shield and spurs kept him down. And all the time he kept crying out, “Fly not, coward brood and servile crew, know that it is through no fear of mine, but the fault of my horse, that I lie here."

At this, one of the muleteers of the troop could not refrain from answering the poor

fallen knight on the ribs. He came up to him and, taking his lance, broke it in many pieces. With one of these pieces he began beating our dear Don Quixote, and though his masters called to him not to give him so much, his blood was up and he would not stop until he had threshed him like a sheaf of wheat. Then he picked up the other pieces of the lance and broke them all over the wretched knight. And through it all Don Quixote never shut his mouth, but threatened heaven and earth and the rascal foot-pads, as he took them to be.

At last the muleteer was tired, and the traders went on their way, carrying with them the whole story of the poor, beaten knight, to recount and laugh over at the next inn. When he found he was alone, Don Quixote tried to lift himself up, but he was so bruised and beaten to pieces that he could not move. Yet he thought himself a happy man, for he considered this adventure as very worthy of a knight-errant, and laid the blame only on his horse.

CHAPTER VI

HOW DON QUIXOTE REACHED HOME

As he lay on the ground, unable to stir, he began to think of the many stories of wounded knights which he had read in his books. He remembered a well-known story of a knight who was disabled and left to die in a forest. And as this seemed to him to fit his own case very well, he began to roll over on the ground and to utter, with a feeble voice, the same plaint that the wounded knight of the wood is said to have made:—

Where tarriest thou, my lady?
While I am sore distraught:
Thou know'st it not, my lady,
Or thou art false and naught.

In this way he repeated the ballad, as far as to the lines,—

O Mantua's noble marquis,
My uncle and my lord.

And as he came to this verse, who should pass by but a husbandman from his own village, a

neighbor of his, who was returning after having carried a load of wheat to the mill. Seeing a man stretched on the ground, he went up to him and asked him who he was, and what pain he felt, that he complained so dolefully.

Don Quixote had no doubt that this was the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle. So he went on singing his ballad to him, and relating all his adventures and misfortunes, as if he were himself the knight of the ballad.

The husbandman did not know what to think of such wild ravings. But he stooped down and took off the visor, which was all broken to pieces by the blows, and wiped his face, which was covered with dust. As soon as he had done this, he recognized the face, and exclaimed, "Master Quixada" (for so he used to call the knight when he had his wits, and had not passed from a sober gentleman into a knight-errant), "who hath put your worship into this plight?"

But he would only sing his ballad, answering his questions from it.

Then the good man, as best as he could, took off the breastplate and backpiece, in order to see if he had any wounds. But he found no blood or bruise. Then he lifted him, with no little trouble, on to his own mule. He collected

the arms, even to the splinters of the lance, and bound them upon Rozinante, and taking him by his bridle and the ass by his halter, he led them to his village. But he was much worried over the absurd sayings of Don Quixote, and would beseech him, from time to time, to say what ailed him. He could gain nothing from him, however, for the poor knight's ravings only grew more and more wild. He imagined himself first one knight and then another of the many whose stories filled his head, so that the husbandman soon saw that his neighbor was stark mad; and he hurried on to reach the village.

As night was coming on they neared the village, but the husbandman wished to wait until it was a little darker, so that the battered knight might not be seen in such a wretched plight. When he saw that the right time had come, he entered the village and went to Don Quixote's home, which he found in a great uproar. The priest and the barber of the village who were good friends of Don Quixote were there, and to them the housekeeper was relating her distress. She cried aloud as she told them that it was now six days since her master had been seen at home. She was sure that his accursed books of chivalry had turned his wits.

"And now I think of it," she said, "I have heard him often mutter, speaking to himself, that he would become a knight-errant, and go away and look for adventures in distant lands." The niece said the same and even more. She said to the barber: "Master Nicholas, I must tell you that my honored uncle would read those books of misventures for two days and two nights without stopping. At the end of that time he would fling his books away, draw his sword and fall a-slashing at the walls; and when quite tired, he would say that he had slain four giants as big as four towers, and the sweat which would pour down him from these exertions he would say was blood from the wounds he had received in battle.

After that he would drink a large jug of cold water and believe himself cured of the imaginary wounds. He would declare himself whole and sound and say that the water was a magic drink, brought him by a sage enchanter who was a friend of his. I blame myself that I did not expose these follies of my uncle, that you might have applied some remedy by burning all of those mischievous books, for he has many, and they deserve the blaze as if they were heretics."

"That is true," said the priest; "and in

good faith another day shall not pass without giving them public execution. They shall be condemned to the fire that they do not drive anyone else mad."

Don Quixote and the husbandman had come up to the gate and overheard all that had been said by the niece and the priest, and at once the husbandman understood the nature of the knight's malady. But Don Quixote called out in a loud voice: "Open the gate, your worships, and admit the lord Marquis of Mantua, who comes badly wounded."

At these cries they all went out and recognized Don Quixote and began to embrace him for joy. But he called out: "Hold, all of you. I come sore wounded, through the fault of my horse. Carry me to bed and summon an enchantress that she may cure me of my wounds."

"See now," exclaimed the housekeeper, "if my heart did not tell me truly on which foot my master halted. Come in, your worship. Welcome home! We shall know how to cure you without the help of an enchantress. Accursed be those books of chivalry which have brought your worship into such a state."

On this they carried him to his bed, and, searching for his wounds, could not find any. Then he told them that he was bruised all over by

falling from Rozinante, his horse, while fighting ten giants, the most outrageous and audacious to be found on earth.

“Is it true,” said the priest, “that there are giants in the dance? By my blessing but I will burn them before to-morrow night.”

They put a thousand questions to Don Quixote; but they could not find out anything from him except that he needed food and sleep. The priest questioned the husbandman, who told him of the manner in which he had found him and the wild sayings he had uttered while bringing him home. This increased the priest's desire to burn the books, and he called the barber, Master Nicholas, to help him. On the following morning they came to Don Quixote's house to carry out that plan.

CHAPTER VII

THE BURNING OF THE BOOKS

DON QUIXOTE was still sleeping when the good priest asked the niece for the keys to his library where were the books, the authors of the mischief, and she gladly gave them to him. They all entered the room and found there more than one hundred volumes of large well-bound books and many small ones. As soon as the housekeeper saw them she ran in hot haste for some holy water and a sprinkler. She brought them to the priest and said: "Holy father, I beseech you to sprinkle this room, lest there should lurk here some of the enchanters which these books contain, and who might in revenge bewitch us for the punishment we intend by casting them out of the world."

The housekeeper's simplicity made the priest laugh and he ordered the barber to hand him the books one by one in order that he might examine them and see if they really deserved to be burned.

"No," cried the niece, "do not pardon any

of them. They have all been offenders. Fling them all out of the window into the court, make a pile of them and set them on fire." The housekeeper said the same, so eager were the two for the slaughter of these innocents. But the priest would not consent to this, without first at least reading the titles.

The first book which Master Nicholas put into his hands was *The Four Books of Amadis of Gaul*. "What a queer thing!" said the priest. "I have heard that this book was the first book of chivalry ever printed in Spain, and all the others have taken their rise from it. Therefore as the father of an evil family we ought to condemn it to the fire without mercy."

"Not so," said the barber, "for I have heard that it is the best book of its kind. It should be saved because it is a work of art."

"That is true," said the priest. "Let us spare it for the present. Let us see the book next to it."

The barber handed down the next volume, which treated of the wonderful adventures of the son of Amadis of Gaul.

"Verily," said the priest, "he is a bad son of a good father. The goodness of the father shall not save the son. Take him, good housewife; open that window and fling him into the

yard, and so begin the pile for the bonfire which we intend to make."

She did so with all speed; and the book went flying into the yard to await the fire.

"Go on," said the priest.

"The book which comes next," said the barber, is "Amadis of Greece; indeed all the books on this side of the room belong to the tribes of Amadis."

"Well, let them all go to the yard," said the priest. "For the pleasure of burning one of the queens in them and one of the shepherds I would burn with them my own father, if he travelled in the guise of a knight-errant."

"I am of the same mind," said the barber.

"And I also," said the niece.

"Since it is so," said the housekeeper, "let's to the yard with them."

They handed them to her and there were many of them. To save herself the trouble of the stairs, she flung them through the window.

"Who is that fat fellow?" asked the priest, pointing to a thick volume.

"This," replied the barber, is "*Don Olivante de Laura*."

"The author of this book," said the priest, "is the same as he who wrote the *Garden of*

Flowers, and I know not which of the two books tells the more lies. Throw it out of the window."

"The next book is *Florismarte of Hircania*," said the barber.

"Is he there, the lord Florismarte?" exclaimed the priest. "His style is rough and dry, and so he deserves the fire in spite of his fantastic adventures. Put him in the fire."

"With all my heart, dear sir," exclaimed the housekeeper, and she flung the book with glee into the yard. The next book went the same way. Then they came to *The Knight of the Cross*. The barber handed it down.

"Send it to the fire!" said the priest. "One feels like sparing it on account of its holy name, but it answers to an old saying, 'The devil crouches behind the cross.'"

Said the barber, taking up another book: "This is *The Mirror of Chivalry*."

"I know his worship," said the priest. "Throw him out and his friends, too. They are great thieves. And yet I would not burn them, for they contain that famous story out of which our Italian Christian poet, Ariosto, spun his web, Orlando. But if I find Ariosto speaking any language but his own, I will show him no respect."

"I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I do not understand him."

"And it is well that you cannot," said the priest, "for in Spanish he is not so bad. Throw him into some dry well and all those books which treat of French affairs with him, until we have leisure to decide what to do with them."

All this pleased the barber, for he knew the priest to be a good Christian and a friend of the truth. Opening another book, he found its title to be *Palmerin of Oliva*, and the one next to it was called *Palmerin of England*.

"Let Oliva be torn to pieces at once and burnt, so that not even the ashes of it remain; but the palm of England is a unique thing. Let it be spared and preserved. Let a box be made for it, such as Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, in which he kept sacredly the works of the poet Homer. This book, sir barber, is considered an authority for two reasons—the first, because it is interesting and well written; the other, because a wise king wrote it. The adventures in it are good and the language courtly and lucid. I say then, Master Nicholas, keep this book and the *Amadis of Gaul* from the fire."

"Nay," said the barber, "the book which

comes next to *The Palmerin of England* is not *Amadis of Gaul*, but *Don Belianis*."

"What?" replied the priest. "He has need of a little rhubarb to purge his bad temper. Keep them in your own house, then, sir barber, but do not let anyone read them."

"With pleasure," said the barber; and not caring to tire himself any more in reading books of chivalry, he directed the house-keeper to take all the big ones and fling them into the yard.

This was said to no stupid or deaf woman, but to one who had a greater mind for burning them than for spinning the finest and most delicate web. She seized eight at a time and flung them out of the window. She took more than her arms could well hold and let one fall at the feet of the barber. He had the curiosity to pick it up and found it to be a miserable book called *Tirante the White*. He found other books equally bad—books so full of follies and silly adventures that the priest declared that their authors deserved to be sent to the galleys. There were books of poetry, too, which the priest thought worth saving, but the niece begged to have them burned.

"Good sir," she exclaimed, "these books would turn my uncle's head again if he should

recover from his present madness, although they seem harmless. He would turn shepherd and go wandering through woods and fields, singing and piping; or, what is worse, he would become a poet, which is an incurable and catching disease, if we believe what people say about it."

"The girl speaks the truth," said the priest, "and it will be well to remove this stumbling-block out of our friend's way. We will not burn the book, but we will destroy that part of it which treats of enchanted waters."

As it was getting late, the priest and the barber made haste to examine a few more of the books, saving from the fire those which had any merit. The priest was weary of looking at books and ordered all the rest to be burned. But he happened to open one which was called *The Tears of Angelica*.

"I would have shed those tears myself," quoth the priest, on hearing its title, "if I had caused this book to be burned, for its author was one of the most famous poets, not only of Spain but of the world, and most happy in his translations of some fables of Ovid."

CHAPTER VIII

THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

WHILE they were busy weeding out the books, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, shouting, "This way, this way, valorous knights!"

They all ran to see what was the matter and found Don Quixote out of bed, shouting and raving, giving slashes with his sword and back-strokes all round, and as wide awake as if he had never been asleep. They caught him in their arms, and carried him back to bed. That night, while Don Quixote slept, the house-keeper set fire to all the books that were in the yard and burned them. Good books were burned with bad ones and so was fulfilled the saying, "The just man often pays for the sinner."

The house-keeper had been told by the priest and the barber to wall in and block up the room where the books had been so that when Don Quixote rose he might not find them. For they hoped that his madness would cease when he could no longer read the books which had

caused it. And they told her that she should say that an enchanter had carried away the room, books and all. So the room was blocked up with much haste.

For two days after this Don Quixote lay in bed. When he was well enough to leave it, the first thing he did was to go and look for his books; but as he did not find the room where he had left it, he went here and there looking for it. He would come to where the room used to be, and feel for it with his fingers, rolling his eyes on every side, without speaking a word. At last he asked the house-keeper to show him the room; but she remembered what the priest had told her and answered, "What room is this which your worship is looking for? There is no room now, nor any books in this house, for the devil himself carried them all away."

"It was no devil," said the niece, "but an enchanter, who came one night in a cloud, shortly after your worship left us. He alighted from a serpent, on which he came riding, and entered your study. But what he did in there I do not know. After a little while he came out, flying through the roof, leaving the house full of smoke. And when we went in to see what he had done, we could find neither study nor books. But I remember hearing him call

out, as he left, that he was an enemy of the one who owned these books, and for that reason he had done this harm to the house. He said also that his name was Muñaton, the sage."

"Friston, he must have said," remarked Don Quixote.

"I do not know," said the house-keeper. "I only know that his name ended in *ton*."

"It is so," said Don Quixote, "and he is a cunning enchanter and a great enemy of mine. He knows that in the course of time I am to fight in single battle a knight whom he favors, and conquer him. That is why he tries to do me harm. But I tell him he shall never be able to resist that which has been ordained of Heaven."

With that his niece tried to make him see how much better off he would be staying quietly at home instead of wandering over the world in search of adventures. But he only became the more angered as she talked.

Still, the two women noticed that for fifteen days after this he stayed quietly at home, talking with his two friends, the priest and the barber. And he would always talk about knights-errant; how greatly the world needed them; how he himself was to bring back the order of knight-errant.

At this time he also talked with another neighbor of his, a peasant, named Sancho Panza. He told him many wonderful stories of his own adventures and those of other knights. And if Sancho would go with him and serve him as a squire, he said they might in some adventure win an island. This the peasant should have to govern as his own. All this sounded very fine to Sancho, so he agreed to leave his wife and children and be his neighbor's squire.

Presently Don Quixote, by selling one thing and another, raised what money he needed. Then he borrowed a shield from a friend, patched up his broken helmet, and told Sancho the day and the hour when they were to start. He told him to get what he needed for himself, and above all to bring wallets with him. These wallets were cotton bags embroidered with bright-colored worsteds and were used for carrying food on a journey. Sancho said he would be sure to bring them, and that he was thinking of taking a good mule which he had, because he did not wish to go on foot. As for the mule, Don Quixote tried hard to think whether he had ever read of a knight who brought a squire mounted upon a mule. And he could remember none at all. But he decided to let Sancho bring the beast, for he

thought he could soon give him a better one by unhorsing the first discourteous knight he should meet.

When all this had been done, they set forth one night, without taking leave of anyone. They made good progress and by daybreak thought themselves safely away from anyone who might look for them. Sancho Panza jogged along on his mule, with his wallets and his wine bottles, and with a great longing to see himself at once governor of the island which his master had promised him.

Presently Sancho Panza said to his master, "Look your worship, sir knight-errant, that you do not forget about the island. I shall know how to govern it, no matter how big it is."

To this Don Quixote replied, "Thou must know, friend Sancho, that knights-errant of old would make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms which they won. But I shall do more. They waited usually until their squires were old and worn out with serving before they gave them these titles and lands. But if we both live, it may be that before six days I shall win some kingdom and crown thee king of it. And it may happen so that I might easily give thee even more than I have promised."

"After that fashion," replied Sancho Panza, "if I am made a king by some miracle, as your worship says, then at least my old woman would come to be queen and my children princes."

"Well, who doubts it?" replied Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," returned Sancho Panza; "for I am sure that, even if God should rain down kingdoms on the earth, not one of them would fit the head of my old wife. For you must know, sir, that she is not worth a penny for a queen. Countess would suit her better, with God and good guidance."

"God will bestow upon her what is most fitting," answered Don Quixote; "but as for thyself, do not stoop so low as to be content with anything less than being a governor."

"I will not, dear lord," replied Sancho, "and especially as I have so great a master as you, who will know how to give me all that is good for me and that I am able to bear."

CHAPTER IX

DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURES WITH THE WIND-MILLS

As they were talking, they saw some thirty or forty windmills which stood in that plain. And as soon as Don Quixote saw them, he said to his squire,—

“Fortune is leading us even better than we could wish. See yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where loom some thirty or more huge giants. With those I intend to do battle, and to rid all of their lives, and with their plunder we will begin to enrich ourselves. For this is good war, and a great service to God, to sweep such evil creatures from off the face of the earth.”

“What giants?” asked Sancho.

“Those which thou seest yonder,” replied his master, “with their long arms. Some of them have arms nearly two leagues long.”

“Have a care, your worship,” urged Sancho; “those which you see out there are not giants, but windmills. Those which you think are their arms are sails, which are whirled by the wind and so make the millstones go.”

"Anyone could see," said Don Quixote, "that thou knowest nothing of adventures. Those are giants. If thou art afraid, take thyself off from here, and get thee to prayer, while I go to fight with them in furious and unequal battle."

So saying, he put spurs to Rozinante, without heeding the cries which Sancho sent after him. So sure was he that they were giants that he did not hear Sancho's cries nor see what they really were, even when he came close to them. He rode on furiously, calling aloud, "Fly not, cowards and vile creatures; it is but a single knight who attacks you!"

Just then a light wind arose, and the great sails began to move. When Don Quixote saw this, he cried, "Though ye move more arms than the hundred-armed giant, ye shall pay for this!"

Calling upon his lady Dulcinea to help him in his great peril, and covering himself with his shield, he rushed on, lance in hand, at Rozinante's best gallop. He closed with the first windmill and dealt a thrust with his lance into the sail. But the wind whirled the sail so fiercely that the lance was shattered to pieces. Horse and horseman were carried after it and went rolling far over the plain.

Sancho Panza hurried to his master's aid as

fast as his beast would take him. When he came up to him, he found both the knight and Rozinante unable to stir. "God save us!" cried Sancho. "Did I not tell your worship to take care what you were doing, because these were nothing but windmills? And no one could doubt it but those who carried windmills in their brains."

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "Affairs of war must be taken as they come. Thou must know that the sage Friston, who robbed me of my study and my books, has changed these giants into windmills, for so great is the hate he bears me that he would deprive me of the glory of conquering them. But in the end—I say, in the end—all his evil arts shall be of little use to him against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it, as he may!" said Sancho. He helped him to rise, and he again mounted Rozinante, who was more than half-dead. And thus, talking of this adventure, they took a new road in search of others.

"On this road," said Don Quixote, "we are sure to find divers adventures, for many people travel over it." But he was grieved at having lost his lance, and complained of it to his squire. Finally he said, "I remember having read that

a Spanish knight, having broken his sword in battle, tore down a great branch of an oak-tree. With this he did such brave deeds and pounded so many Moors, that the name of *The Pounder* was given him from that day. Now, I, too, intend to tear down a limb from the first oak-tree I come to. And I mean to do such deeds with it that thou shalt count thyself very fortunate to have seen them, for they will hardly be believed."

"Truly, I believe it all, as your worship says it," exclaimed Sancho. "But sit more uprightly. Methinks you are a little awry, and this must be because of the bruising from your tumble."

"It is true," replied Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of the hurt, it is because it is not right for knights-errant to complain of any wound, even though it should be their death-wound."

"If that is so, I have nothing more to say," answered Sancho; "but I should be glad to hear your worship cry when anything hurts you. For me, I mean to cry out about the least thing, unless this about not complaining is meant for the squires, as well as the knights-errant."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at the simplicity of the squire, and told him that he



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might complain as much as he pleased. For he had never read anything in the books of chivalry that forbade it. Sancho then reminded him that it was the dinner hour. His master replied that he himself needed nothing, but that Sancho might eat whenever he wanted to.

At this, Sancho drew out some of the food he had stored in the wallets, and went riding and eating behind his master. He often raised the bottle to his lips with great relish. Thus he made himself very happy and comfortable, and thought he would enjoy going in search of many more such adventures, no matter how dangerous they might prove.

They passed that night among some trees, and Don Quixote tore a branch from one of them that it might serve him for a lance. And on it he fixed the iron spike which he had taken from the broken one.

All that night Don Quixote lay awake, thinking of his lady Dulcinea, for it was thus, he had read, that other cavaliers spent the night when they were obliged to stay in forests. But Sancho Panza, having had a good full meal, made one long sleep. And if his master had not called him, neither the sun's rays, which were darting in his face, nor the songs of the birds would have had any share in his waking.

CHAPTER X

DON QUIXOTE FREES A STOLEN PRINCESS. HIS FIGHT WITH A BISCAYAN

AS Sancho rose from his bed he tried the bottle but found less in it than there was the night before. This grieved him to the heart, for they were not on the road to fill it. Don Quixote did not care for any breakfast. He was filled with thoughts of Dulcinea and they sustained him. They left the grove where they had spent the night and took to the road again.

"Here, brother Sancho," exclaimed Don Quixote, "we may plunge into adventures; but I warn thee that thou shalt never put thy hand to thy sword to defend me, even though I am in the greatest danger, unless thou shouldst see that those who attack me are a low rabble and not knights. For it is not lawful according to the books of chivalry, that a knight receive aid from any man who has not been knighted."

"Certainly, sir," quoth Sancho, "I shall gladly oblige you in this, for I am a peaceable man and hate to mix up in quarrels. But it is true that if I must defend my own person, I

shall not take much account of the laws of chivalry, since the laws of God permit a man to defend himself against wrong."

While they were thus discoursing two monks appeared in the road. They were of the order of St. Benedict, and mounted on mules which Don Quixote imagined to be dromedaries. They wore masks and carried parasols. Behind them came a coach with four or five escorts on horseback, and two mule-drivers on foot. A certain Biscayan lady rode in the coach. She was on her way to Seville to meet her husband, who had been appointed to some high office in the Indies. The monks were not of her company, but merely happened to be going along the same road.

Hardly had Don Quixote set eyes on them than he said to his squire: "Look, Sancho! Unless my eyes deceive me, yonder is the most famous adventure that has ever been seen; for those black shapes must be, without doubt, some enchanters who are carrying off by force some princess in that coach. It is plainly my duty to redress this wrong with all my might."

"This will be worse than the affair of the windmills," said Sancho. "Look you, master, those are holy fathers of the order of St. Bene-

dict, and the coach must belong to some travelling people. Mind what I say and let them alone and do not be cheated of the devil."

"Nay, Sancho, what I say is true," responded Don Quixote. "Thou knowest but little of the secret of adventures."

So saying, he advanced and posted himself in the middle of the road. When the monks came near enough to hear he cried out in a loud voice:

"Devilish race, let that princess go free. Ye are carrying her off by force in that coach. Let her go! Quick! If not, then prepare to die suddenly as the just punishment for your wicked deeds!"

The monks drew rein and stood amazed, no less at the figure of Don Quixote than at his words, to which they replied, "Sir knight, we be not devilish nor savage. We are two holy men of the order of St. Benedict. We are travelling our own road and we do not know whether any princess is being carried off in this coach or not."

"Do not make soft speeches to me," returned Don Quixote. "I know you well, false hounds." And without waiting for a reply he put the spur to Rozinante and dashed at the foremost friar with a levelled lance. His attack was

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made with such fury and daring that the monk would have been badly wounded or slain outright if he had not slipped off from the mule.

The second friar, seeing how his companion was treated, stuck his knees into his mule's ribs and began to scour the plain swifter than the winds. As soon as Sancho Panza saw the monk dismounted he nimbly leaped from his donkey and began to strip him of his habit. Here two servants of the friars came up and asked him why he was robbing their master. Sancho replied that this was his lawful share of the spoils of the battle which his master had just won. The servants, who did not understand anything of knight-errantry, looked around, and, seeing Don Quixote at a safe distance talking with the lady in the coach, they set upon Sancho, knocked him down, plucked out every hair of his beard, gave him a sound kicking and left him lying on the ground, breathless and senseless.

The monk was all but frightened to death. Pale and bruised, he made haste to mount his mule, and as soon as he was in his saddle put spur to the donkey and rode after his companion, who, a good way off, was waiting for him. Neither one of them cared to see the end of this surprising adventure, so they went

on their way, making more crosses than they would if the devil had been behind them.

Don Quixote, meanwhile, was saying to the lady of the coach: "Beautiful lady, you may go free, for now the pride of your spoilers lies in the dust, cast down by this my invincible arm. And that you may have no trouble in finding out the name of your deliverer, I will tell you at once that I call myself Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, and captive of the peerless and beauteous lady, Dulcinea del Toboso. And I ask no reward from you for the service I have done except that you return to Toboso, and, in my name, present yourself before my lady, and tell her how I wrought your deliverance."

The lady had a squire who attended her coach, and he overheard what Don Quixote said. He did not like the idea of having the coach delayed, nor did he fancy the talk about returning to Toboso. He seized his lance and swore at Don Quixote in two languages, neither one of which he understood very well. "Be-gone, sir knight, and get thee to the devil," he said. "By the Creator who made me, if thou dost not let the coach go on I will kill thee as sure as I am a Biscayan."

Don Quixote, who understood him very well,

answered him with much calmness: "If thou wert a gentleman, I would, ere this, have chastised thy folly, thou villain."

To which the Biscayan replied, "I no gentleman? Thou liest as I am a Christian. Throw away thy lance and draw thy sword, and soon wilt thou see what kind of a cat thou carriest to water."

Don Quixote thought of a famous oath which had come down from one of the books of chivalry. He shouted it out, and, throwing down his lance, drew his sword and grasped his shield and rushed on the Biscayan with intent to take his life. The Biscayan would gladly have alighted from his mule, which was not a very reliable beast. He could do nothing but draw his sword. He was near the coach, so he snatched a cushion, which served him for a shield; and presently they rushed upon each other as if they were mortal enemies. The rest of the travellers would have made peace, but the Biscayan swore in his peculiar manner that they must let him finish his fight, or he would himself murder his mistress and everybody who came in his way.

The lady of the coach, amazed and frightened at what she saw, made her coachman draw a little out of the road. She sat aloof,

looking on at that dread encounter, in the course of which the Biscayan gave Don Quixote a mighty blow over the shoulder upon his shield. It was fortunate for Don Quixote that he had a shield, else the blow would have cleft him asunder. But he felt the weight of the prodigious blow and uttered a loud cry, saying, "O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of loveliness! Save thy knight, who to honor thy great goodness finds himself in this peril."

To say this, to grasp his sword, to cover himself with his shield, to rush on the Biscayan, were the work of a moment, Don Quixote being resolved to venture all on a single stroke. The Biscayan, who saw him coming on in that fashion, was convinced of his courage and resolved to do the same thing. He covered himself with his cushion and waited for the attack, but his mule was not made for tricks of war, and the poor, jaded old beast was unable to stir a step. The Biscayan could not manage her; she would not turn.

Then Don Quixote came down on the wily Biscayan with uplifted sword. The Biscayan awaited him in the same posture, his sword uplifted and his cushion covering him. All the bystanders stood trembling with fear and suspense at what was to come of those mighty

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blows. The lady of the coach was making vows to all the sacred images and houses of devotion in Spain that God might deliver herself and her squire from danger.

It often happens in the books of chivalry that a story comes to a stop just in the most exciting part while the pretended historian goes searching among ash-heaps or low shops for the rest of the manuscript. The reader is left in suspense and the battle unfinished. So it was with this story of the stolen princess. But a second author came along who wanted to rescue the brave story from the jaws of oblivion. He hunted through archives and cabinets, feeling sure that the family of Quixada would not let such a valuable piece of history be lost.

One day in the silk market of Toledo, there came a boy to sell some note-books and old papers to a silkman. One of the note-books was written in Arabic. An interpreter took up the book and reading in it a little, began to laugh. He explained his mirth by saying, "Here I find written that Dulcinea del Toboso had the best hand at salting hogs of any woman in La Mancha. The note-books proved to be the history of Don Quixote written by an Arab. The boy sold the note-books to the second

author, who had the rest of the story translated after this manner :

The swords of the two wrathful combatants being lifted on high, it seemed no less than that they stood menacing heaven, earth, and the deep abyss; such was the courage they displayed. The first to deliver his stroke was the choleric Biscayan. But Fortune turned the sword in such a manner that it only struck the knight on the left shoulder, carrying with it a great piece of the helmet and a half of his ear. At that Don Quixote raised himself anew in his stirrups and gripping his sword firmly with both hands, brought it down with such fury on the Biscayan that in spite of his cushion the blood gushed from his nostrils and he would have fallen from the mule had he not clasped her around the neck. The mule, frightened at the blows, set to galloping about, and after a few plunges fell with her master to the earth.

Don Quixote stood and looked on with much calmness, until he saw him fall. Then he leaped from his horse, and running up to him with much agility, set the point of his sword to his eyes and bade him yield, or he would cut off his head.

The Biscayan was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it would have gone

hard with him, so blinded was Don Quixote with pain and rage, if the lady of the coach and her maid had not run to where he stood and besought him, with much fervor, to show mercy and pardon the life of their squire.

Don Quixote responded with much loftiness, "Truly, fair ladies, I am well content to grant your request on one condition: and it is this—that this knight shall promise me to go to the town of Toboso and present himself before the peerless lady, Dulcinea, in order that she may do with him as suits her pleasure."

The fearful and hapless ladies did not stop to consider the demand of Don Quixote, and they did not think to ask who Dulcinea was. They were ready to promise almost anything, and they said that the squire should comply with any request he had a mind to make.

"Then," quoth Don Quixote, "on the faith of that word, I will do him no more harm, though he well deserves it."

CHAPTER XI

SANCHO BINDS THE WOUNDED EAR. THEY
PASS THE NIGHT WITH GOATHERDS. DON
QUIXOTE ATTENDS A FUNERAL AND GOES
IN QUEST OF MARCELLA

By this time Sancho Panza had raised himself, and stood looking on at the fight of his master. In his heart he prayed God to give him victory, and that by it he might gain some island, of which the knight might make him governor, as he had promised. When he saw that the battle was over and that his lord was remounting Rozinante, he ran to hold the stirrup. Before Don Quixote mounted, Sancho fell on his knees before him, and seizing him by the hand, kissed it, and said—

“Be pleased, my good lord Don Quixote, to give me the government of that island which you have won in this terrible battle. No matter how big it is, I feel I have courage enough to govern as well as anybody in the world who ever governed islands.”

To this Don Quixote replied. “Thou must

understand, brother Sancho, that this is not an adventure of an island, but one of crossroads, in which nothing is gained but a broken head, or the loss of an ear. But have patience. There will be adventures when I not only may be able to make thee a governor, but something higher."

Sancho thanked him, and once more kissing his hand, he helped him to mount Rozinante. He himself got upon his mule and followed his master. And without another word to those in the coach, they set off at a round pace and entered a wood close by.

"Methinks, master," said Sancho Panza, "that it would be well to betake ourselves to some church, considering in what ill plight you left him with whom you fought. For I should not wonder if he gave notice to the Holy Brotherhood, and that they take us up. And in faith, if they do, we shall sweat like a fox before we get out of jail."

"Peace!" said Don Quixote. "Where hast thou ever seen, or even heard, of a knight-errant being brought to justice for any homicides he may have committed?"

"I know nothing of homicides," replied Sancho, "nor in my life have ever examined one. But I do know that the Holy Brother-

hood has to look after those who go fighting in the fields."

"Do not alarm thyself, friend," replied Don Quixote. "I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Brotherhood. But tell me, on thy life, hast ever seen a more valorous knight than me in all the discovered earth? Hast read in history of any other that has, or had, more mettle in attack, more skill in wounding, more spirit in enduring, or more dexterity in overthrowing?"

"The truth is," replied Sancho, "that I never read any history at all, for I can neither read nor write. But I would wager that I never served a more daring master than your worship. What I beg of you is to look to yourself, for there is much blood running from that ear. I have some lint here in the wallets, and a little white salve."

"All that would have been needless," replied Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a certain famous balsam I have read of. For one drop of that might save both time and medicines."

"What balsam is this?" asked Sancho.

"It is a balsam," replied Don Quixote, "the recipe for which I remember well, with which no one need think of dying of any wound."

"Sinner as I am," exclaimed Sancho, "why,

then, does your worship delay to make it, and teach me?"

"Peace, friend," answered Don Quixote, "for I intend to teach thee greater secrets. But for the present, let us attend to ourselves, for this ear of mine gives me more pain than I could wish."

Sancho took from the wallets some lint and ointment, and dressed the wounded ear as well as he was able. Presently Don Quixote said,—

"Let us now see whether thou carriest anything in those wallets that we may eat; for soon we must go in search of some castle, where we may lodge this night, and make the balsam I told thee of, for I swear to thee, this ear is a sore grief to me."

"I have an onion here, and a bit of cheese, and I don't know how many crusts of bread," said Sancho; "but such food is not fit for so valiant a knight as your worship."

"How ill thou understandest it!" said Don Quixote. "I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is an honor in knights-errant not to eat bread for a month, and then only what they find most at hand."

"Pardon me, your worship," said Sancho. "I don't know whether I have rightly hit on the

rules of chivalry, but after this I will fill the wallets with all kinds of dried fruits for your worship, who is a knight, and for me, who am not one, I will provide pigeons and poultry, and other things of more substance."

"I say not, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant were obliged to eat only those fruits thou speakest of, but that this should be their ordinary food, with certain herbs of the fields, which they know, and which I know also."

"It is a great thing to know of those herbs," answered Sancho, "for I think some day we shall need that knowledge."

And upon this the two fell to eating in peace and good fellowship. When they had eaten their frugal meal, they mounted, and made haste to arrive at some village before nightfall. But as the sun went down, they drew near to the huts of certain goatherds; and so they resolved to pass the night there.

They were welcomed with good will by the goatherds, and Sancho, having put up Rozinante and his own mule as well as he could, found his way by the smell of certain pieces of goats' flesh, which were boiling over a fire. These the goatherds presently removed, and spreading some sheepskins on the ground, dressed their rustic

table in a trice, and invited the two strangers to share their meal.

They all sat down, the goatherds on the ground, and Don Quixote upon a trough which they had turned upside down. After much discussion as to the right of the squire to sit at table with his master, Don Quixote compelled Sancho Panza to take a seat beside himself. But the goatherds did not understand the nonsense about squires and knights-errant, so they did nothing but eat and stare at their guests, who were gorging themselves with pieces as big as their fists.

When the course of meat was over, they served upon the skins a large quantity of sweet acorns. The horn, in the meantime, was not idle, and it went around so often that it easily emptied one of the two wine-skins which hung in view.

When the acorns were placed before him, Don Quixote began a long discourse on the happy days of chivalry. To this talk the goatherds could only stand and stare as before. Sancho also held his tongue and ate acorns, very often visiting the wine-skin, which hung upon a cork-tree to keep the wine cool.

At the end of the supper they called to a youth who came near to sing for the entertain-

ment of their guests. This pleased Don Quixote so much that he would have kept him singing all night. But Sancho Panza was more for sleeping than for hearing songs, and he said to his master: "Your worship had best consider where you are going to pass the night, for the work these good men do all day does not allow them to sing all night."

"I understand thee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "but dispose of thyself where thou wilt, for it is better for me, being a knight, to watch than to sleep. But methinks it would be well for thee again to dress this ear of mine, for it gives me much pain."

Sancho did as he was ordered. When one of the goatherds saw the wound, he said he would apply a remedy that would soon heal it. Taking some leaves of rosemary, he chewed them, mixed them with a little salt and applied it to the ear. Binding it carefully, he declared it would need no other medicine, and this proved to be true.

In the midst of this a youth came up from the village and told them of the death of a famous Shepherd-Student who had died for the love of Marcella, the daughter of William the Rich. Her father and mother had died when she was a young child, leaving her great possessions.

She grew up with so much beauty that numberless suitors were ever kneeling at her feet. To give herself liberty and out-door life she turned shepherdess and took to tending her own flocks. Whereupon many rich youths tried to approach her in honorable courtship until the country resounded with their complaints. Of two dozen tall beech-trees near, there was not one whose smooth bark was not cut and scored with the name of Marcella. The Shepherd-Student had left it in his will that they should bury him in the fields, at the foot of the rock where a spring flowed close by a cork-tree, for at that place he had first seen Marcella. The youth ended by advising the goatherds to betake themselves to the funeral the next morning.

One of the goatherds, whose name was Pedro, volunteered to remain and tend the flocks, since he had run a splinter into his foot and could not walk. He took Sancho to his hut for the night, where he could sleep in peace. But Don Quixote passed the night in meditating upon his lady, Dulcinea, in imitation of the lovers of Marcella.

Don Quixote and the goatherds arose at break of day, and with Sancho they set out for the funeral. They had not gone far when they

beheld six shepherds coming toward them clothed in black skins, their heads crowned with garlands of cyprus and rhododendron. One of the shepherds told the unhappy story of the Shepherd-Student, and he read a poem which the miserable youth had penned before his death in which he assailed the goodness of Marcella shamefully. At that moment there appeared on the top of the rock wherein they were making the grave, the shepherdess herself, so fair that her beauty surpassed the fame thereof. All who had not seen her before gazed in wonder and silence, but the shepherd who had read the poem exclaimed, "Why comest thou here, O fierce basilisk of these mountains?"

Marcella's answer showed her to be wise and good and modest, and Don Quixote's wrath waxed hot. He cried out in a loud voice, with his hand on his sword, that he would defend the maiden. The shepherds hastened to burn the papers of the Shepherd-Student and place his body in the grave. Don Quixote bade farewell to his hosts and to some travellers who had come up during the funeral ceremony and had invited the knight to go with them to Seville. He thanked them for their courtesy, but said that he would not leave those parts until he had

purged the mountains of thieves and robbers. He was secretly determined to seek the beautiful Marcella and offer to do all he could in her service.



CHAPTER XII

DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURES WITH THE CARRIERS AND THE INNKEEPER. SANCHO IS TOSSED IN A BLANKET

THE historian recounts that as soon as Don Quixote had taken leave of his hosts and all those who were present at the burial of the Shepherd-Student, he and his squire struck into the same woods which they had seen Marcella enter. Here they roamed about for more than two hours, but could not find a sign of her. At last they came to a halt in a grassy meadow near which ran a stream, so pleasant and refreshing that they decided to rest beside it through the heat of the day.

Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted, leaving the ass and Rozinante to graze. They themselves emptied out the wallets and without any ceremony master and man set to eating. Sancho had not taken care to tie up Rozinante, knowing him to be so quiet and gentle that not all the beasts in the paddocks of Cordova could make him do anything vicious. But it so hap-

pened that there went grazing by that valley a troupe of ponies belonging to some carriers who are wont to rest at noon with their team in spots where grass and water abound.

So it befell that the desire came to Rozinante to frolic, and without asking leave of his master he set off at a sharp trot to join the ponies. But they received him with their heels and teeth, and in such a manner that in a trice they had torn his girths, and he remained stripped of his saddle. And the worst of it was that the carriers ran up with their cudgels, and so belabored him that they left him on the ground in evil plight. Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the basting of Rozinante, ran up breathless, and Don Quixote said—

“I perceive, friend Sancho, that these be no knights, but base fellows. Therefore, thou mayest freely aid me to take vengeance for the wrong they have done Rozinante.”

“What sort of a vengeance may we take,” answered Sancho, “if these are more than twenty and we are not more than two—nay, perhaps only one and a half?”

“I count for a hundred,” replied Don Quixote; and, drawing his sword, he rushed upon the carriers. The same did Sancho, encouraged by his master’s example.

The carriers, seeing themselves so furiously attacked, betook themselves to their staves, and showered blow after blow upon the two men, with great fury. At the second thwack they brought Sancho to the ground, and the like befell Don Quixote, despite his dexterity and courage. Then, seeing the mischief they had done, the carriers went on their way in great haste, leaving the two adventurers on the ground, battered and bruised and half-dead.

When the knight and his squire came to their senses they began in weak and doleful voices to lament the fate that had befallen them. For some time they lay there, unable to rise, while Don Quixote, though suffering greatly, tried to persuade Sancho to accept their misfortune as an honorable adventure of knights-errant. Sancho, on his part, declared he was more fit for plasters than for preachments, and thought it best that they should find their way toward healing their wounds as quickly as possible. Don Quixote could not but agree to this, and he bade Sancho raise himself as best he could and harness the mule, who was the only member of the company that had escaped unhurt. Sancho raised himself up, but stayed half-way, bent like a Turkish bow, without power to straighten himself.

At length Sancho arranged Don Quixote upon the mule, and, tying Rozinante to the tail, took the mule by the halter and travelled on as well as he was able. He soon found the road, and, not far off, an inn, which Don Quixote must needs take for a castle. Sancho protested that it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and their dispute lasted so long that they arrived there without finishing it.

When they entered the inn, the innkeeper's wife ran at once to attend to Don Quixote, and made her young daughter—a girl of very good looks—help her in relieving her guest. A maid-servant of the inn went to help the damsel, and the two made up a very sorry bed for Don Quixote in a garret, which was nothing more than a straw-loft.

In this room a carrier was also lodged. His bed, which was not far from Don Quixote's, was made of the pack-saddles and coverings of his mules. But even that was better than the knight's, for his consisted of four rough planks upon two unequal benches, with a thin, knotty mattress over them, and hard leathern sheets.

Don Quixote laid himself down on this bed, and was rubbed and plastered from head to foot by the wife of the innkeeper. For this kind attention on her part, Don Quixote poured into

her ear many flowery speeches and compliments, but she could understand no more of them than if he had spoken Greek. At the same time the maid-servant was tending Sancho, who had need of it as much as his master. And when they had made them as nearly comfortable as they could be, in such ill condition, they left them for the night.

The narrow, beggarly bed of Don Quixote stood in the middle of the starlit loft, and close to it Sancho had made his own, which contained but a rush mat and a threadbare coverlet. After these two beds came that of the carrier, who now lay stretched upon his panels, but not sleeping. Sancho tried to sleep, but the pain of his ribs would not let him, and Don Quixote, with the smarting of his, had his eyes wide open. The whole inn was in silence, and the only light was given by a lamp which hung burning in the middle of the gateway. This marvellous stillness, and the thought, which always possessed our knight concerning those adventures he had read of, brought to his fancy one of the strangest follies. He thought he was in a great castle, that the inn-keeper was the lord thereof, and his pretty daughter a fair princess with whom he was in love.

He was absorbed in these follies when the servant of the inn came into the room on some errand. He thought her a princess, and stretched out his arm to grasp her hand and seat her near him on the bed, while he made her many fine speeches in imitation of those he had read in his books. She understood his talk no better than the innkeeper's wife had done and strove to free her hand. But he still held it, and tried to make her listen.

At this, the carrier stepped quietly up to Don Quixote's bed and, lifting his arm on high, let go so terrible a stroke on the meagre jaws of the knight that he bathed his mouth in blood. Then he mounted on his ribs, and trampled them under his feet from end to end. But the bed was unable to bear the weight of the carrier also, and fell with a crash to the floor. The poor servant, filled with alarm at this attack and the terrible scuffle that followed, took refuge at Sancho's feet. The crash woke the innkeeper, and brought him to the door, with a lighted candle in his hand and scolding loudly.

Here Sancho awoke, and feeling that big mass lying on his feet, fancied he had the nightmare, and began to lay about him on either side. The servant, smarting with the

pain of his blows, began to defend herself, and to give back blow for blow, and then there began between the two one of the fiercest and drollest battles in the world. When the carrier saw it, he ran to help the poor girl, and the innkeeper did the same. And so, as the saying is, the cat to the rat, the rat to the string, and the string to the stick. The carrier and the innkeeper pommelled Sancho; Sancho the girl and the girl him; and in the midst of it all, the innkeeper's candle went out, and they were left to fight it out in the dark.

The noise of this fierce battle now awoke a priest, who happened to be lodging in the inn that night. Seizing his staff he entered the room in the dark, crying out, "Hold, in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!" The first he came upon was Don Quixote, who lay on his shattered bed without a sign of life. Finding that he did not breathe or stir, he thought he had been murdered by the others, and he cried out, "Shut the inn; see that none go out, for they have killed a man here."

This cry startled them all, and they slunk away to their rooms. But the ill-starred Don Quixote and Sancho were unable to budge from where they lay. This unlucky affair had robbed them of their last chance of sleep, and

they could only lie and wait patiently for the morning.

As soon as it was daylight, Don Quixote, though he could not move without great pain, set about to make some of the magic balsam. He bade Sancho ask the innkeeper for some rosemary, oil, salt and wine, and with these he concocted the strangest sort of drink, thinking it would cure them both of their bruises and pains. But it only served, instead, to make them very ill, for they both drank freely of it; so that when they had hoped to be rid of their troubles, they were worse off than before.

Later in the day, however, as soon as Don Quixote could rise from his bed, he was eager to go in search of new adventures. So he saddled Rozinante with his own hands, for poor Sancho was hardly able to lift his head. He also helped to dress his squire and put him on his beast. He then mounted and, at the door of the inn, called to the host in a solemn voice—

“Many and great are the favors, sir governor, which I have received in this your castle, and I shall be greatly indebted to you all the days of my life. If there is any way in which I can repay you by avenging you on some villain who has done you wrong, you have but

to say it, and I promise by the order of knight-hood to gain satisfaction for you."

The innkeeper answered him with the same gravity—

"Sir knight, I have no need that your worship should avenge me any wrong. I only ask that your worship should pay me for this night's lodging in my inn."

"What! is this an inn?" exclaimed Don Quixote.

"Ay, and a very respectable one," replied the host.

"All this time I have been deceived," said Don Quixote, "for, in truth, I thought it was a castle and no mean one. But since it is not a castle, but an inn, all that can be done is that you should excuse me from payment. For I cannot go against the law of knights-errant, who, I know certainly, never paid for lodging or anything else in the inns where they stayed. For this was only their due in return for their toil in seeking adventures."

"That's no business of mine," answered the host. "Pay me what you owe me, and have done with your knight-errantries. All I wish is to get my money."

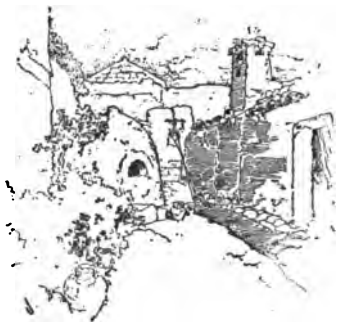
"You are a fool, and a pitiful innkeeper," returned Don Quixote, and setting his heels to

Rozinante, he sallied forth from the inn and went on his way, without even looking to see if his squire followed him.

The innkeeper, upon this, seized hold of Sancho, who said that since his master did not pay, neither would he. For he considered the same rule held for both. Now, as ill-luck would have it, there was a company of merry fellows at the inn, who were only too ready for a frolic. They came up to Sancho and pulled him off his mule, while one of their number ran and snatched a blanket from the innkeeper's bed. In this they placed Sancho, and began to toss him aloft in great glee.

Sancho's loud cries brought Don Quixote galloping back, but when he came to the inn-gate it was closed and he could not enter. He saw his squire go up and down in the air with such grace and agility that, if his anger had let him he surely would have laughed outright. All he could do, however, was to sit on his horse and cry out to them to cease. But none the more did they cease from their laughter and labor, nor the flying Sancho from his complaints, until from sheer weariness they left him. They then brought him his beast and, setting him upon it, wrapped him in his overcoat. The compassionate maid of the inn, seeing him so exhausted, ran

to him with some water to drink. Sancho took it, but at the first sip he found it was water, and would have none of it. He begged the maid to bring him some wine, which she did willingly, and paid for it out of her own money. When Sancho had ceased drinking he clapped heels to his mule, and, the inn-gate being thrown wide open, out he went, and joined his master on the road.

*V. E. F.*

CHAPTER XIII

ALIFANFARON AND PENTAPOLIN OF THE NAKED
ARM. DON QUIXOTE DOES BATTLE WITH
A FUNERAL PROCESSION. THE FULLING
HAMMERS

SANCHO came up to his master so jaded and faint that he could hardly manage his mule. They jogged painfully on, discussing their unfortunate adventures at the inn, which Don Quixote still affirmed was an enchanted castle. They had not gone far when the knight perceived a thick cloud of dust coming toward them and said to Sancho—

“Seest thou, Sancho, that cloud of dust which rises yonder? Well, it is the mustering of an army of countless nations which comes marching here.”

“By that token there should be two,” said Sancho, “for on this side also there is just such another cloud of dust.”

Don Quixote turned to look, and saw that this was true. He rejoiced beyond measure, for he imagined that these were two armies, which came to attack one another in the midst

of that wide plain. As for the cloud which he saw, it was raised by two large flocks of sheep, which were coming along the same road from different directions. Because of the dust, they could not be seen until they were close at hand. But Don Quixote insisted so firmly that they were armies, that Sancho came to believe, and asked, "Sir, what then shall we do?"

"What should we do," replied Don Quixote, "but favor and aid the weak and distressed? This army that comes on our front is led by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron. This other is the army of his foe, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, because he always enters battle with his right arm bare."

"Well, why do these princes bear each other so much ill-will?" asked Sancho.

"They hate one another," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alifanfaron is a furious pagan, in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is most beautiful, and also a Christian. But her father will not give her in marriage to the pagan king unless he will first renounce the religion of his false prophet Mahomet and turn Christian."

"By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin is in the right. And I will help him as well as I can."

“In that thou wilt do thy duty, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “But give me thy attention. I would describe unto thee the principal knights who are coming in these armies, and that thou mayest see them the better, let us retire to that hillock yonder.”

Seeing, however, in his imagination what did not exist, he began with a loud voice to name one knight after another, so carried away was he by the inspiration of his strange madness. As his fancy dictated he gave to each his arms, colors, devices, and mottoes, being stuffed and soaked with what he had read in his lying books. Sancho Panza stood near him, too amazed to speak, but now and then looking to see if he could discover the knights his master named. At last he said, “Sir, not a man or a knight of all you have named can I see anywhere.” “What!” answered Don Quixote. “Hearest thou not the neighing of the steeds, the sound of the trumpets, and the rattling of the drums?”

“I hear nothing,” answered Sancho, “but the bleating of sheep.” And so it was, for now the two flocks were come very near them. “Thy fears, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “prevent thee from hearing and seeing aright. But if thou art so much afraid, retire and leave me

alone. With my single arm I shall gain the victory for that side which I shall aid."

Then, clapping spurs to Rozinante, he darted down the hillock, not heeding Sancho's cries to come back, and shouting loudly, "Ho, knights, you that follow the valiant emperor, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me all, and you shall see how easily I shall revenge him on his enemy, Alifanfaron."

With these words he rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep, and began to spear them with as much courage and daring as if in good earnest he were spearing his mortal enemies. The shepherds and drovers of the flocks called out to him to cease. But seeing that it was to no purpose, they unloosed their slings and began to throw stones at him. Don Quixote cared not for the stones, but galloped over the field, crying, "Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Come to me, who am a single knight, and seek to take thy life for the wrong thou hast done the valiant Pentapolin."

Here there came a large stone, which struck him with such violence that he believed himself either slain or badly wounded. Before he could recover from the blow, another stone hit him full in the mouth, carrying off three or four of his teeth. Such was the first blow, and such

the second, that the poor knight fell from his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him, and believing they had killed him, hastily gathered their flocks and went on their way.

Sancho, seeing his master on the ground and the shepherds gone, ran down from the hillock in great distress. "Did I not tell you, Sir Don Quixote," he cried, "to come back, for that those you went to engage were not armies but flocks of sheep?"

"How that thief of an enchanter, my enemy, can transform things and make them vanish! It is he that has changed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep, that I might not gain the glory of this battle."

So saying, Don Quixote raised himself, and placing his left hand on his mouth to prevent the rest of his teeth from falling out, with the other he laid hold on Rozinante's bridle and led him to where Sancho stood waiting with his mule. They immediately resumed their journey, for night was coming on, and they must find lodging if possible. The worst of it was, they were famished with hunger, for with their wallets gone, they had not so much as a dry crust of bread. And to complete their misfortunes an adventure now befell them which was truly worthy of the name.

As they travelled on through the darkness, they saw coming toward them a number of lights, like so many moving stars. They soon perceived also many persons clothed in white, and at this dreadful sight Sancho's courage deserted him utterly. But Don Quixote only saw in this another knightly adventure. As the lights came nearer, he saw that they were blazing torches, held aloft by some twenty white-robed men, while behind them came a litter, covered with black. Don Quixote imagined this litter to be a bier, in which was carried some wounded knight, whom he alone was to revenge.

So, without more ado, he called to them to halt and give an account of themselves. To this one of the white-robed men answered that they were in great haste to reach an inn that night and could not stop. Don Quixote, incensed at this answer, seized his bridle and would have run him through with his spear, had not the mule suddenly reared and thrown her master over her haunches to the ground. He then attacked a servant of the man in white, and laid him on the ground grievously wounded. At this the other white-robed men, being timid folk and unarmed, left the litter and their fallen friends and ran over the plain with their

burning torches, looking like so many maskers on a festival night.

There lay on the ground a burning torch near him who had first fallen from his mule, and by the light this gave, Don Quixote could easily see the man. He went up to him, crying to him to surrender or he would slay him. To this the fallen one replied—"I am surrendered enough already, since I cannot stir, for one of my legs is broken. And I beseech you, sir, as you are a Christian gentleman, do not kill me." "Then," said Don Quixote, "you must satisfy me by answering my questions." He told Don Quixote that the dead body on the litter was of a friend of his and of his companions; that he had died in a town near by and they were carrying his body to be buried in his native town some distance away. "Who killed him?" asked Don Quixote. "God, through the means of a pestilent fever," answered the man on the ground. "In that case," said Don Quixote, "there is nothing for it but to be silent and shrug one's shoulders. I should do the same had he slain me. And I would have you know, sir, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote; that my office is to go through the world righting wrongs and aiding the distressed." "That may be as it is," said the man,

“but I beseech your worship to help me to rise from under this mule, who holds my leg fast.”

Don Quixote called Sancho Panza to help him, but he was too busy to come. He had found a store of provisions packed on to one of the mules, and was hurriedly putting as much as he could carry into his own coat. When he had finished, he ran to Don Quixote and together they helped the fallen man to rise, and placed him on his mule. Bidding him follow his companions, Don Quixote asked him to beg their pardon in his name for the wrong he had done them. And Sancho added, “If any of them wishes to know who is the valiant one who has used them thus, tell him it is the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, called also *The Knight of the Rueful Visage*. For, as he afterward explained to Don Quixote, “Your worship has just now the evilest visage that I have ever seen, and it must be either because you are tired of this battle, or because of the loss of your teeth.” Don Quixote laughed at this amusing idea of Sancho’s, but he decided henceforth to call himself by that name.

They travelled on, and soon found themselves in a wide green valley. Here they alighted, and ate their breakfast, dinner and supper all at once, from the provisions which Sancho had

brought. But here befell another misfortune, which Sancho thought the worst of all. That was that they had no wine to drink, nor even any water. Searching the meadow for a brook, they soon heard, in the darkness, a great noise of water, as if tumbling down from some high rocks. The sound cheered them greatly. But suddenly they heard a loud clatter, which banished all their joy of the water, especially in Sancho's timid heart.

The sound was that of blows struck in regular measure, with a rattling of irons and chains, which, with the furious roar of the water, would have struck terror into the heart of anyone but Don Quixote. But danger always served to strengthen his courage, and he was for going straightway to discover the cause of the terrible thumping. Sancho clung fearfully to his stirrup and wept like a child, begging his master not to leave him, nor to throw away his life in this dangerous adventure. This only made Don Quixote the more eager to go, and he clapped spurs to Rozinante. But Sancho, all unknown to Don Quixote, had tied Rozinante's hind legs together so tightly that he could not move an inch, for all the spurring. By this means the knight was persuaded that the fates did not wish him to undertake this adventure ;

so he dismounted and spent the rest of the night by the brookside, in pleasant talk with Sancho.

At dawn he arose and, without further delay, went to the place whence the water and strokes seemed to come. What was his disgust and shame to find there, instead of the terrible giants he had expected to see, only a tumbled-down building and in it six mill-hammers, whose strokes, one after the other, made that hideous sound. Don Quixote hung his head upon his breast, but as for Sancho, he was so relieved that he laughed outright, and so loud and long that his master finally said: "Am I obliged, being a knight as I am, to distinguish sounds, and know which are, or are not, those of a mill and of mill-hammers?" So Sancho had to admit that he had laughed a little too loudly. Still he said to himself that this adventure had proved the most successful of all.

CHAPTER XIV

THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO. DON QUIXOTE FREES THE GALLEY-SLAVES

ABOUT this time it began to rain, and Sancho proposed entering the mill. But Don Quixote so hated the thought of the mill that he would not go near it. So, taking the road once more, they came on another like that which they had taken the day before. Very soon Don Quixote saw a man on horseback, who bore upon his head something that glittered like gold. Turning to Sancho, he said:

"If I mistake not, Sancho, there comes one toward us who carries on his head the famous helmet of Mambrino. Thou shalt see how it shall soon be mine, and without a word wasted."

"Look well, your worship, what you say and do," said Sancho, "for I would not wish it to be such an adventure as the last one."

"Doubting traitor!" exclaimed Don Quixote. "Tell me, dost thou not see yon knight who comes toward us, mounted upon a dapple-

gray steed, bearing upon his head a helmet of gold?"

"What I see," replied Sancho, "is nothing but a man upon a gray mule like mine, who carries on his head a thing which glitters."

"Well, that is the helmet of Mambrino," said Don Quixote.

Now, the truth of the matter was this: There were in that neighborhood two villages, and the smaller one had neither doctor nor barber, while the larger one had a barber who served also as doctor. This barber was now going from the smaller village to the larger, and carried with him a brass basin. It happened, while he was on his way, that it began to rain, and to save his new hat, he clapped upon his head the basin, which, being a clean one, shone very bright. He rode upon a gray mule, as Sancho said, and this was how to Don Quixote there appeared the dapple-gray steed, and knight, and helmet of gold.

When, therefore, Don Quixote saw that luckless knight draw near, he laid his lance low, with Rozinante at full gallop, intending to pierce him through and through. And when he reached him, he cried out, "Defend thyself, wretched knight, or give me willingly that which is justly my due."

The barber, seeing the knight bear down upon him, had nothing to do but to fall from his mule. And as he touched the ground, he rose quickly and began to run over the plain so that not even the wind could overtake him. He left his basin upon the ground, and with this Don Quixote was well pleased. He commanded Sancho to take up the helmet, and he, turning it in his hands, said:

"In truth, the basin is a good one, and I doubt not is worth a good sum."

He gave it to his master, who placed it upon his head, turning it round on every side, in search of the visor. When he found none, he cried, "Without doubt, the prince for whom this famous helmet was made, must have had an enormous head. And the worst of it is, that half of it is lacking. Indeed, I think that this piece of the enchanted helmet must have fallen into the hands of someone who did not know its worth. And that, seeing it was of purest gold, he must have melted the other half, and made of this half what appears to thee a barber's basin. But I will have it made right by the first smith we come to, and in the meantime I will wear it as I can."

With this, they broke their fast upon the remains of the food Sancho carried, and after-

ward (for such was the custom of knights-errant) they set out to travel wherever Rozinante pleased.

As they jogged along, talking pleasantly of many things, as was their wont, Don Quixote saw coming toward them a dozen or more men on foot, strung together by their necks like beads, on a great iron chain, and all with chains on their hands. There came also two men on horseback and two on foot, carrying swords and pikes. As soon as Sancho Panza saw them, he cried :

"Yonder is a chain of galley-slaves, people compelled by the King to go and serve him in the galleys."

"How! forced, do you say?" exclaimed Don Quixote; "is it possible the King should force anybody?"

"I mean not so," answered Sancho; "but that they are persons who, for the crimes they have done, are condemned by law to the galleys, where they are forced to serve the King."

"In truth," said Don Quixote, "then they are brought here by force and not of their own will?"

"That is so," said Sancho.

"Then this is a case," said his master, "in

which I, as a knight-errant, should come to the aid of the afflicted."

Here the chain of galley-slaves came up, and Don Quixote, in very courteous words, begged the men who guarded them to tell him why they took those people in that manner. One of the guards answered that they were convicts who were going to the galleys, and that there was no more to be said.

"For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I should like to learn from each of them the cause of his misfortune."

"Your worship may come and ask it of themselves," said the guard, "for they may tell it if they please, and no doubt they will."

With this Don Quixote inquired of one after another what he had done to bring him there. Some answered one thing and some another, and some answered not at all, for they were either sullen and ill-tempered or grieving over their hard fate. From one he learned that he was there for stealing a basket of fine white linen, while another was accused of being a cattle-thief. And so he went on through the whole line, while at each man's story he became more eager to free them from the injustice done them. Turning to all of the chain he said:

“From what you have told me, dearest brethren, I understand that, though it is for your crimes they punish you, yet the pains you are to suffer give you no great pleasure, and that you go to them much against your will. This being the case, I intend to make known through you the purpose for which heaven sent me into the world, which was to aid the needy and those oppressed by the powerful. For it seems to me a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free.”

“This is pleasant fooling!” said one of the guards. “Go your way, sir, and welcome, and set that pot which you carry straight on your head.”

“Insulting villain!” answered Don Quixote, and with a word and a blow he attacked him so suddenly that he struck him to the earth before he could defend himself. The rest of the guard, greatly astonished, drew their swords, and set upon Don Quixote. And without doubt it would have gone hard with him, had not the galley-slaves, who saw that they could now gain their liberty, broken the chain which held them together. Then they began hurling stones at the guards, until there was nothing for them to do but flee for their lives.

Sancho was grieved at this, for he was afraid that the guards would give notice to the Holy Brotherhood, who would pursue and arrest him and his master. So he begged that they might go and hide themselves in the hills which were close by.

"That is well," said Don Quixote, "but I know what is now fitting to be done." And, calling the galley-slaves to him, he gave them to understand that, out of gratitude to him for saving their lives, they should at least be willing to obey one request of his. This was that they should bind themselves together once more with the chain he had taken from their necks, and go in this manner to the city of Toboso. There they should present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, saying that her knight, he of the Rueful Visage, had sent them, and relating to her how he had freed them from their chains and their suffering. After that, he said, they might go where they pleased.

To this one of the convicts replied that it was quite impossible for them to think of doing such a thing. For in so doing, they would be seized and bound again, faster than ever before. This so enraged Don Quixote that he cried out to him, "Then, by my faith, thou shalt go

alone, with the whole chain upon thy shoulders."

Now, the convicts were men who knew neither gratitude nor honor, and, seeing that Don Quixote insisted on their obeying his request, they began hurling stones at him and at Sancho. Don Quixote could not defend himself from the stones, which came with such force that they soon brought him to the ground. There the convicts left him, after stripping him of a jacket which he wore over his armor, and Sancho of his cloak, and made the best of their way off, each taking a different course, for they were eager to escape the Holy Brotherhood.



CHAPTER XV

THE GALLEY-SLAVE STEALS DAPPLE. SANCHO
FINDS A PURSE. DON QUIXOTE RESOLVES
TO RUN MAD

AT length Sancho, fearful lest the Holy Brotherhood might find them, persuaded his master to hide among the craggy rocks and woods of some neighboring mountains. Don Quixote consented to this only on the condition that Sancho should never think or say to anyone that he had hidden himself through cowardice. He would do it, he said, simply to show Sancho that he was not obstinate nor heedless of his advice. So Don Quixote mounted upon Rozinante, while Sancho led the way upon his mule, and they entered on one side of a thick wood.

By night they were in the very heart of the woods, where Sancho thought it would be well to stop as long as their provisions lasted. But as ill-luck would have it, one of the convicts, whom the valor and madness of Don Quixote had freed from the chain, being justly afraid

of the Holy Brotherhood, happened to hide himself among those same mountains. Mauled and tired by their late skirmishes the knight and his squire fell as fast asleep as if they had been stretched on four feather-beds, Don Quixote sitting on his horse and Sancho on Dapple, his donkey. Now, as the wicked are always ungrateful, the convict decided to steal Sancho's donkey. Sancho slept so soundly that the thief had time to prop up his saddle at the four corners and draw the donkey out from under him, leaving him thus mounted. At day-break Don Quixote was awakened by the wail of Sancho, and he heard him say, "Oh, darling of my heart, born in my house, the joy of my children, the entertainment of my wife, the envy of my neighbors—lastly, the half of my maintenance! For with the money I have earned by thy help I have half supported my family!" On hearing this, Don Quixote comforted Sancho as well as he could, and promised to give him a written paper for three donkeys out of five which he had left at home. This promise comforted Sancho greatly, and he wiped away his tears, and thanked his master for his kindness, and at daylight they rode on their way, Don Quixote absorbed in meditations. Suddenly he stopped and

picked up with his lance something which lay in his road. This proved to be a half-rotten travelling-bag, containing some clothes of very fine linen, besides a handkerchief full of gold coins, and a small book or writing-tablet, richly bound. On the tablet Don Quixote found written some verses which showed that their writer had been some slighted lover.

All this made Don Quixote very curious to know who could be the owner of the bag, and he at once set out to search for whoever it might be. To this Sancho, to whom he had given the gold coins, objected greatly, and said, "It would be more prudent not to look for him, for if we should find the owner of this money it is plain I must give it up."

"Thou art mistaken, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "it is only our duty to seek the owner and return the money to him."

Here they saw a goatherd coming down the mountain. When he came up to them, Don Quixote asked him if he knew who was the owner of the bag they had found. The goatherd answered that it belonged to a youth who had come to those mountains a few months before, and since then had been roaming among the woods and craggy rocks quite out of his mind. At times, he said, the young man was

so violently mad that it was dangerous for any one to go near him. But there were also times when his mind seemed to return to him, and it was in one of these periods that he had one day appeared before the goatherd and his companions and told them his story—who he was, and how he came there in such ill-plight.

His name was Cardenio, and the cause of his madness was that the lady whom he loved and to whom he was secretly betrothed, had lately been forced into a marriage with the son of a nobleman. Her parents had known of her love for Cardenio, but had considered this marriage too good a match to refuse, for by it she gained a higher rank and greater wealth than she would have had by marrying him. The lady's name was Lucinda, and the man who had married her was a close friend of Cardenio's, Don Fernando by name. Thus had a double wrong been done Cardenio, since his betrothed had broken her faith with him, and his friend, knowing his love for Lucinda, had proved but a false friend to him in winning her for himself. As soon as Cardenio knew that Lucinda and Don Fernando were married, he fled from his native town, and sought these lonely mountains, caring to see no one, but to pass his days lamenting his lost lady.

This sad story won great pity and sympathy from Don Quixote, and inspired him with a new idea, which, when they were alone again, he began to impart to Sancho. This was no less than that he should imitate, in those wild and rocky places, some one of those valiant knights he had read of, who had become desperate, raving lovers on account of the cruelty of their fair loved ones. "But it seems to me," said Sancho, "that the knights who acted in such a manner had a reason for these follies. Pray what cause has your worship to run mad? What lady has disdained you? Has the Lady Dulcinea done you any wrong?"

"There lies the fine point of my plan," replied Don Quixote.

"A knight-errant who runs mad with just cause deserves no thanks. But to do so without this is the point, giving my lady to understand how much more I should do if there were just reason on her part. But my long absence from my ever-honored Lady Dulcinea is cause enough. Therefore, friend Sancho, counsel me not to refrain from so splendid an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be until thy return with an answer to a letter I intend to send by thee to my Lady Dulcinea. If the reply is satisfactory, I shall enjoy it in my right senses, but if not, I shall be mad."

As they were talking, they arrived at the foot of a high mountain, at the base of which ran a gentle stream, watering a green and beautiful valley. This was the spot in which the Knight of the Rueful Visage chose to do his penance. Here, alighting from Rozinante, he took off his bridle and saddle, clapped him on the back and set him free to wander where he chose, for he said he should have no further use for him. But Sancho begged that, if he were to be sent to the Lady Dulcinea, he might have Rozinante to carry him, since his own Dapple had been stolen from him.

"And, good my master," he added, "do you write the letter and despatch me quickly, for I long to come back and release your worship from this unhappy state, in which I leave you."

"But how," said Don Quixote, "shall we contrive to write the letter?"

"And the bill for the colts?" added Sancho.

"Since we have no paper," said Don Quixote, "we might write it as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on tablets of wax. But, now I remember, we can write it in Cardenio's tablets, and you can have it copied upon paper in the first town where there is a schoolmaster."

Don Quixote took out the writing-tablets to write the letter, and having finished, he called

Sancho and said he would read it to him, that he might have it by heart in case he should lose the tablets.

“To suppose that I can carry it in my memory is folly,” Sancho answered, “for mine is so bad that I often forget my own name. Your worship, however, may read it to me, for I shall be very glad to hear it.”

“Listen then,” said Don Quixote, “this is what I have written :

“High and sovereign lady.—He who is wounded by the point of absence, and pierced by the arrows of love, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, greets thee with wishes for that health which he enjoys not himself. If thy beauty despise me, if thy disdain still pursue me, although hardened to suffering, I shall ill support an affliction which is not only severe but lasting. My good squire Sancho will tell thee, O ungrateful fair and most beloved foe, to what a state I am reduced on thy account. If it be thy pleasure to relieve me, I am thine; if not, do what seemeth good to thee: for by my death I shall at once put an end to thy cruelty and my own passion.

“Until death thine,

“The Knight of the Rueful Visage.”

“By the life of my father,” said Sancho, after hearing the letter, “it is the finest thing I ever heard. How choicely your worship expresses whatever you please! And now, pray put on the other side the order for the three colts, and sign it very plain.” Upon this, Don Quixote turned over the tablet and wrote :

“Dear Niece.—At sight of this, my first bill of colts, give order that three out of the five I left at home in your care be delivered to Sancho Panza, my squire ; and this, with his acquittance, shall be your discharge. Done in the heart of the Sierra Morena, the twenty-second of August, this present year——.”

With these two letters, Sancho, after saddling Rozinante, took leave of his master, not without many tears on both sides.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CAPTURE OF DON QUIXOTE. DOROTHEA

As soon as Sancho had gone, Don Quixote mounted to the top of a high rock and began to consider as to the best model for imitation in his madness. Having chosen Amadis of Gaul, he began to pass his time in carving on the barks of trees many verses of a plaintive kind, or in praise of his Dulcinea. Here, however, it will be proper to leave him, to relate what happened to the squire as he went on his errand.

As Sancho jogged along the high road on his way to Toboso, he soon came to the inn where the misfortune of the blanket had befallen him. He had no great desire to enter it again, and as he stood hesitating, who should appear before him but the priest and the barber of his village. They knew him immediately as the person who had gone with their friend, Don Quixote. And, as they had come out in search of the knight, they at once went up to Sancho, and, calling him by name, asked him where he had left his master. Sancho knew them also, but he did not wish them to find his master, so

he replied that Don Quixote was very busy about a certain affair that was of great importance to himself, which, for the eyes in his head, he would not dare to tell them. They soon persuaded him, however, to relate the whole story, and when they heard it they were amazed and greatly entertained.

The priest said if Sancho would show him the letter he would copy it for him as Don Quixote wanted it. Sancho put his hand into his pocket to take out the book, but could not find it, for Don Quixote had forgotten to give it to him. At this he turned as pale as death, and began to tear his hair and beard in despair, for he thought he had lost not only the letter but the bill for the colts. The letter, he said, he could repeat almost word for word, so that he was not so much troubled at losing that.

"Repeat it then, Sancho," said the barber, "and we will write it afterward." Sancho then began to scratch his head, to bring the letter to his remembrance; now he stood on one foot, now on the other; he looked down upon the ground, he looked up to the sky; and at last he said, "At the beginning I believe it said, 'High and slovenly lady.'"

"No," said the barber, "not slovenly, but superhuman lady."

"Ay, so it was," said Sancho. "Then if I do not mistake, it went on, 'The stabbed, the sleepless, and the pierced kisses your honor's hands, ungrateful and most regardless fair;' and then it said I know not what of 'health and sickness that he sent;' and so he went on until at last he ended with, 'Thine till death, the Knight of the Rueful Visage.'"

They were both greatly amused at Sancho's excellent memory, and made him repeat it several times. The priest and the barber then consulted as to the best means of freeing Don Quixote from his penance. They soon hit upon this device: The priest was to disguise himself and act as a damsel-errant who had come to ask help of Don Quixote, and the barber was to go as her squire. The landlord's wife fitted out the priest in some clothes of her own, to disguise him as a damsel; she put on him a cloth petticoat, all pinked and slashed, and a bodice of green velvet, bordered with white satin. On his head he wore a little white quilted cap, which he used as a night-cap, and one of his garters of black taffeta was bound about his forehead. He pulled his hat over his face, and this was so large that it served him for an umbrella. Then, wrapping his cloak about him, he got upon his

mule sideways like a woman. The barber mounted also, having disguised himself by means of a long beard, made of the tail of an ox, and used by the landlord to hang his comb in.

But scarcely had they left the inn when the curate began to think that it was indecent for a priest to be so dressed, even for so good a purpose. He therefore begged the barber to change disguises with him, and act the part of the distressed damsel, while he himself went as her squire. This, he thought, would do less harm to his dignity.

They now set forth upon their journey, but Sancho, thinking it best to go and find his master first, persuaded them to stop beside a cool and shady stream and await his return. For he thought that, by pretending to have seen the Lady Dulcinea and to have brought from her a favorable answer, he might himself be able to free Don Quixote from the miserable life he had chosen.

Sancho had not long been gone when the priest and the barber heard, from their shady retreat, the sound of someone singing, and so sweetly that they listened in delight and amazement. The song, which was as mournful as sweet, ended in a deep sigh, and they hastily

went in search of the unhappy person. They soon found him and at once knew him to be Cardenio, from Sancho's story about him. He met them calmly, in a friendly manner, and in reply to their questions began to tell them much the same story that Don Quixote had learned from the goatherd.

The priest and the barber were greatly moved by his sad story, but just as the priest was about to say something to console him, the sound of another voice reached their ears, lamenting in even more mournful tones than did Cardenio, and they all rose to find the owner of the voice. What was their surprise to find, not far from them, a young and most beautiful woman, who, for some reason, had tried to disguise herself as a peasant boy. In her attempt to flee at their approach, her glorious hair fell from beneath the cap which had held it and showed her boy's clothes to be only a disguise.

The priest spoke kindly to her and told her they would do her no harm, but rather would be glad to be of any service to her, since they saw that she was in great distress. His gentle words soon won from her the story of her wretchedness, which was somewhat after this fashion: Her name, she said, was Dorothea, and her

family were peasant-farmers, but so wealthy as to live almost like the nobility. They were tenants of a certain great duke, the father of two sons, one of whom was named Don Fernando. This Don Fernando, from the moment he had first seen Dorothea, had been madly in love with her and had finally persuaded her to be secretly married to him. He did not dare let the marriage be known openly, because he knew his father would be greatly enraged, since Dorothea was so much below Don Fernando in rank. But no sooner had he married her than he left her without a word of farewell; and when, a short time later, she heard of his marriage to Lucinda, in great grief she sought these lonely mountains, for now she knew that Don Fernando no longer loved her and she had no wish to live without his love.

Cardenio heard the name of Lucinda at first only with signs of indignation, but soon a flood of tears burst from his eyes. When she had ended, he sprang to his feet, and, making himself known to her as the hapless lover of that same Lucinda, swore that he would not leave her until he had obliged Don Fernando to do her justice.

They were now interrupted by the voice of Sancho Panza, who was calling loudly for those

he had left behind. They all went to meet him, and he told them that he had found Don Quixote half dead with hunger, sighing for his Lady Dulcinea; and that he refused to appear before her beauty until he had done some great deeds that might make him worthy of her favor.

The priest then told Cardenio and Dorothea of their plan for Don Quixote's cure, and Dorothea at once said that she would act the distressed damsel better than the barber. She added that she had read many books of chivalry and knew just what to do and say in such a case. She then took from a bundle which she carried a petticoat of very rich stuff, and a mantle of fine green silk; and out of a casket, a necklace and other jewels. With these she had all the appearance of a rich and noble lady. Thus, led by Sancho, they went in search of Don Quixote. But they warned the squire, beforehand, not to say that he knew either the priest or the barber, for if he did their plan would fail. Having gone about five or six miles, they found Don Quixote in a wild, rocky recess. Dorothea whipped on her steed, followed by the well-bearded squire; and having approached the knight, her squire leaped from his mule to assist his lady. She lightly dismounted and threw herself at Don Quixote's

feet. He tried to raise her, but she remained kneeling and spoke to him thus :

“ I will never arise from this place, O valorous knight, until your goodness and courtesy grant me a boon, which will be to your own honor and glory, and to the lasting benefit of a most distressed damsel, who is come from distant lands to seek from you a remedy for her misfortunes.”

“ I do grant it to you,” replied Don Quixote, “ if my granting it shall be of no harm to my king, my country, or to her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty.”

“ It will harm none of these, dear sir,” answered the afflicted damsel.

“ Fairest lady,” replied Don Quixote, “ arise ; for I grant you whatever boon you ask.”

“ My request, then, is,” said the damsel, “ that your honor will go whither I shall lead you, and that you will promise not to engage in any other adventure until you have avenged me on a traitor who has stolen my kingdom from me.”

“ I grant your request,” answered Don Quixote ; “ and I swear to you, you shall soon be safely seated on your throne. Therefore we will instantly proceed to action, for there is always danger in delay.”

The knight ordered Sancho to arm him and to look after Rozinante's girths; then, having helped the lady to mount her mule, he mounted his horse, and they, with Sancho and the barber, left the place and proceeded on their way.



CHAPTER XVII

THE ENCHANTED BEARD. SANCHO RECOVERS
DAPPLE. ANDRES RECOUNTS HIS WRONGS

ALL this time Cardenio and the priest were hidden among some bushes at the side of the road, and knew not how they could join the party. But the priest, who had a quick wit, soon hit upon a scheme. With some scissors which he carried in a case, he cut off Cardenio's beard, dressed him in a gray jacket that he had, gave him a black cloak, and he himself remained in doublet and hose. Cardenio appeared so different from what he was before that he would not have known himself in a looking-glass.

This done, they hurried on among the bushes, until they came out upon the road a little ahead of the others. As Don Quixote and his company approached, the priest awaited them, earnestly gazing at the knight as if he were trying to recognize him; and after looking at him for some time, he ran to him with open arms, saying aloud:

“Welcome to the mirror of chivalry, my

worthy countryman, Don Quixote de la Mancha, flower and cream of gentleness, shield and help of the distressed!"

Don Quixote was at first startled by his words and actions, but at last he knew him, and was so frightened that he tried to alight from his horse. But the priest would not allow this, and asked leave to ride behind one of the nobles who were with him.

"I am sure my lady the princess will be pleased," answered Don Quixote, "to command her squire to give you the saddle of his mule, while he will mount on its haunches, if the creature will bear it."

"Yes," said the princess, "she can bear it; and I am sure that it is not necessary to command my squire, for he is too courteous to allow a priest to go on foot when he can ride."

The barber alighted, and asked the priest to take the saddle. But as he himself was about to mount on the haunches of the mule, what did she do but raise her hind legs and give two vicious kicks in the air, which, had they reached the breast of Master Nicholas, would have finished him entirely. They frightened him so much that he fell to the ground, with so little care for his beard that it also fell off. To hide his face from Don Quixote he quickly covered

it with his hands, crying aloud that all his teeth were knocked out. Don Quixote, seeing that bundle of a beard, without cheeks and without blood, afar off from the face of the fallen squire, cried out, "Heaven save us! What great miracle is this? The beard is uprooted from the face as clean as if it had been done by a barber."

The priest, fearing greatly that Don Quixote would see through their plot, ran at once for the beard, and carried it to Master Nicholas. And all at once, forcing down his head on to his breast, the priest replaced it, muttering over him some words which, he said, were a certain charm for fixing on beards; and when it was stuck on, and he had left him, the squire remained as well bearded as before. Don Quixote wondered greatly at this, and begged the priest to teach him the charm.

Then they agreed that the priest should mount and the three, that is, Cardenio, the barber and the priest, should ride by turns, until they came to the inn. Thus they jogged along in pleasant discourse. Don Quixote wished to know more of the misfortunes of the afflicted lady, and how she had happened to choose him as the knight who should help her. So Dorothea, acting well her part, kept him

still in the belief that she was a princess, come from a distant land ; that her kingdom was threatened by a terrible giant who had stolen her throne from her, and had driven her from the country ; that her father, before he had died, had told her that Don Quixote was the only knight great and strong enough to free her from this giant.

This pleased Don Quixote, and he was only too willing to do anything in his power to help her. Sancho also was greatly delighted because he thought that by this adventure his master would surely marry the princess ; and then, being king, he could give Sancho himself some high office.

While this was passing, they saw coming along the road a gentleman riding upon a mule, and when he came near he seemed to be a gypsy. But Sancho Panza—who, whenever he saw a mule went after it with his eyes and soul—immediately knew the man to be the leader of the galley-slaves whom Don Quixote had freed, and the same one who had stolen his mule as he slept.

Sancho saw him and knew him, and in a loud voice cried out, “ Ah ! thief, leave me my jewel ! Let go my life ! Cheat me not out of my rest ! Leave me my mule ! Leave me my joy ! Fly,

villain! Take yourself off, and drop what is none of yours!"

There was no need for so many words, for at the first the thief leapt off, and in a moment was far away. Sancho came to his mule, and embracing him, said, "How hast thou been, my darling Dapple of mine eyes, my companion?" And with that he kissed him and stroked him as if he had been a human being. The ass spoke not, and allowed himself to be kissed and petted by Sancho without answering a word.

They all drew near and gave him joy at the finding of Dapple; especially Don Quixote, who told him that not for that would he take back the order for the three colts.

As they journeyed on, Don Quixote and Sancho talking together, Dorothea, with Cardenio and the priest, wondered afresh at the strange madness of the knight.

"Is it not wonderful," said the priest, "to see with what ease this unhappy nobleman believes all these inventions, simply because they bear the style of the follies in his books?"

"It is," said Cardenio; "and so strange that I know not if anyone, wishing to invent a story like it, could do so, even with the sharpest wit in the world."

"Another thing in it," said the priest, "is

that if you talk with him on other subjects, he discourses with excellent reason, and shows that he has a clear and gentle understanding and an admirable judgment."

At this moment Master Nicholas called out to them to stop, that they might drink at a spring which was near by. They all dismounted at the spring, and with what the priest had brought with him from the inn they satisfied, to a small extent, the great hunger which they all felt. While they were eating there chanced to pass by a lad, who, as soon as he saw Don Quixote, ran up to him and embraced his knees, crying:

"Does your worship not know me? I am Andres, whom you released from the oak-tree."

Don Quixote knew him, and taking him by the hand, began to tell the company the story of Andres's ill-treatment and how he had released him. But at the end of it Andres told him how his master, instead of paying him and letting him go, as Don Quixote had commanded, only beat him the more, and made him work the harder. Don Quixote was enraged at this, and was for starting immediately to punish the farmer, but Dorothea reminded him that he had promised to go on no other adventure until he had done what she asked. So he was

forced to swallow his wrath and let the boy Andres go on his way.

Don Quixote was very much abashed by the story of Andres, and it was necessary for the rest to take great care that they did not laugh out, lest they should make him more angry and ashamed.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE SLAYING OF THE WINE-BAGS

WHEN they had finished their scanty meal, they saddled their beasts and, without any further adventure, arrived the next day at the inn. The hostess, the host, their daughter and the maid of the inn, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to receive them with signs of much gladness. The knight received them in a solemn manner, and bade them prepare him a better bed than they gave him the time before. The landlady replied that if he would pay better than the last time, she would give him one fit for a prince, and Don Quixote said that he would. So they prepared him a more comfortable one in the same loft where he had lain before, and he went to bed at once, for he was very weary in body and mind.

The priest then bade the host get dinner ready of whatever they had in the inn, and the landlord, in hope of better payment, quickly prepared for them a fairly good meal. All this while Don Quixote slept, and they agreed not to wake him, thinking it better for him to sleep

than to eat. They talked at table of his strange madness and of the state in which he had been found. The hostess related what had happened between him and the muleteer, and then, seeing that Sancho was not present, she told them all about his tossing in the bed-quilt. Upon the priest's saying that the books of chivalry which Don Quixote read had turned his brain, the landlord cried :

"I do not know how that can be, for to my thinking there is no finer reading in the world. I have here two or three of them which truly have put life into me, and into many others also. For when it is harvest-time, the reapers come here in the midday heats, and there is always someone who can read these books to us, so that we sit and listen to him with great delight."

"Now, then," said the priest, "bring me these books, master landlord, for I should like to see them."

"With pleasure," he replied, and going into the next room, he brought out a little old travelling-bag. From this he took three large books, which he handed to the priest, who looked them over and, remembering how Don Quixote's books had been disposed of, suggested that they should burn these also. At this the

host was very indignant, and would not hear of such a thing.

"But, my good friend," said the priest, "these books are lying books, and full of frenzies and follies."

"Go to, sir," exclaimed the host. "I would rather let my son be burnt than suffer one of these books to burn, for with only listening to one of them you would turn mad with delight." So the priest at last yielded to the host, seeing how much he prized the books; and instead of burning them, he picked out one, and at the request of the company, began to read aloud from it.

They were in the midst of this entertainment when Sancho rushed into the room, all in a fright, crying at the top of his voice, "Run, sirs, quick, and help my master, who is in the thick of the fiercest battle my eyes have ever seen. He has dealt such a cut on the giant, the enemy of the lady princess, that he has sliced his head clean off, like a turnip."

"What sayest thou, brother?" cried the priest, leaving off reading, "Art in thy senses, Sancho? How the devil can that be which thou sayest, the giant being many thousand miles away from here?" Upon this they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote

shouting aloud, "Hold, thief! scoundrel! rogue! for I have thee here, and thy sword shall not help thee;" and it seemed as if he dealt great blows against the walls.

Quoth Sancho, "You have not to stand here listening, but go in and part the foes, or help my master; although now there will be no need, for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his wicked life. For I saw his blood run all about the floor, and the head, which is the size of a big wine-skin, cut off and fallen to one side."

"May I die," exclaimed the innkeeper, "if Don Quixote or Don Devil has not given a cut to one of the skins of red wine which hung full at his bed's head, and the wine that is spilt must be what this fellow takes for blood!"

With that he ran into the room, and found Don Quixote in the strangest plight. Over his left arm he had folded the bed-quilt, and in his right hand he had a drawn sword, with which he was cutting and slashing on all sides, uttering words as if he were really fighting with some giant. And the best of it was that his eyes were not open, for he was asleep, dreaming that he was in battle with the giant; and he had given so many cuts in the skins that the whole room was full of wine. The innkeeper,

seeing this, flew into such a rage that he ran at Don Quixote, and with his clenched fists began to give him so many blows that, if Cardenio and the priest had not taken him off, he would have ended the war with the giant. Nevertheless, the poor knight awoke not until the barber brought a large pan of cold water from the well, and dashed it over him; this awoke him, but even then not so completely as to make him realize what he was doing.

Sancho went searching all about the floor for the giant's head. Not finding it, he cried, "Now do I know that everything about this house is enchantment, for the time before, in this very place, they gave me such blows and buffets without my knowing where they came from, for I could never see a soul. And now this head is gone from where I saw it cut off with my very eyes; and the blood ran out of the body as from a fountain."

"What blood and what fountain art thou talking of?" exclaimed the innkeeper. "Seest thou not, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing else than these skins which are ripped open here, and the red wine which floats about this room?"

"I know nothing but only this," replied Sancho, "that through not finding this head,

my earldom will vanish from me like salt in water."

The innkeeper was at his wits' end at seeing the stupidity of the squire and the mischief done by the master, and swore that they should not get off without paying this time.

The priest was holding Don Quixote by the hands, who, believing he had finished the adventure and that he now stood before the princess, fell on his knees before the priest, and said, "Well may your greatness, beauteous lady, live more safely from this day forth, without this creature doing you any harm; and I also am from this day free from the pledge I gave you, since, by the help of God, and her favor by whom I live and breathe, I have so well redeemed it."

"Did I not tell you so?" quoth Sancho, hearing this. "See if my master has not salted down the giant now; and my earldom is pat to hand."

Who could help laughing at the follies of the two, master and servant? All laughed except the innkeeper, who still lamented the loss of his wine; but at length the barber, Cardenio and the priest so busied themselves that, with no little trouble, they got Don Quixote to bed, and left him sleeping with signs of the greatest

fatigue. They then went out to the inn-door to console Sancho Panza for not having found the giant's head, although they had more to do in satisfying the innkeeper, who was in despair at the sudden death of his wine-skins. The priest promised to pay him as best he could for the wine and the skins, while Dorothea consoled Sancho by promising him the best earldom she had, as soon as she should come into possession of her kingdom, at which Sancho was much comforted. Then, all being quieted, the priest wished to finish reading the novel, for he saw there was but little left ; so they all went back to their seats and to the reading.

CHAPTER XIX

ENCHANTERS HANG DON QUIXOTE BY THE
HAND. THE BARBER CLAIMS THE HELMET
OF MAMBRINO

THEY were in the midst of this reading, when there arrived at the inn a goodly troop of guests, who, as they entered the gate, were seen to be four men on horseback, with lances and shields and black masks; and along with them a woman dressed in white. One of the men, with the lady, came into the inn, and they seated themselves near to where our company were gathered, without taking off their masks or speaking a word, though the lady, from time to time, breathed deep sighs, as of one in pain or trouble. This so moved Dorothea to pity that she went up to the lady and began speaking with her; and no sooner had the lady and the gentleman with her spoken two words in answer, than Dorothea and Cardenio knew them by their voices to be Don Fernando and Lucinda. In the confusion of this discovery, their masks fell to the floor and they stood doubly revealed, to the no little amazement of all who were present.

At a glance Don Fernando knew Cardenio, and all the four stood silent, gazing on each other. When the others understood that Don Fernando was trying to carry off Lucinda by force, and that she went unwillingly, they all with most persuasive words besought him to give her up to Cardenio and himself to Dorothea whose true husband he was. With Dorothea's appeals he was finally won to her side, and willingly and gladly gave up Lucinda to Cardenio.

At this happy ending to the sorrows of the unfortunate lovers, all present wept tears of joy. Even Sancho Panza wept, although he said afterward that he cried only because he found that Dorothea was not a princess, for from her he had hoped to get many favors. Dorothea, however, still continued to play her part before Don Quixote in spite of Sancho, who declared to his master that she was no longer the princess.

It being now near morning, they all retired to their rooms to rest. Don Quixote offered to keep guard over the castle, lest any giant should make an attack on it, so he sallied forth, armed and mounted, to become sentinel. The daughter of the landlady and the inn-servant, knowing this, decided to play upon him some mockery.

They placed themselves at a hole in the loft which served the purpose of a window ; from this they saw Don Quixote on horseback, leaning on his lance, breathing such deep sighs as almost to tear out his soul, and at the same time calling upon Dulcinea in a soft voice.

In the midst of his plaint, the daughter of the landlady said to him in a whisper, " Sir knight, be pleased, your worship, to come a little closer." Don Quixote turned and saw by the light of the moon how they called him from the hole in the wall, which to him appeared a window, and even with gilt bars, as certain rich castles have ; and it also seemed to his insane fancy that the fair maiden was deeply in love with him. So, not to seem discourteous, he turned Rozinante's reins and drew near to the hole, and said, " I pity you, beauteous lady, that you have fixed your amorous thoughts where it is not possible for them to find a return. For this wretched knight-errant hath a love disabled for anyone save the peerless mistress of his heart. But if, by the love you have for me, you would ask of me any other thing than love itself, I pray you demand it of me."

" All that my lady asks," answered the servant, speaking as a duenna, " is that you will reach out to her one of your beautiful hands."



THE ENCHANTMENT OF DON QUIXOTE.

Don Quixote stood on Rozinante's saddle to reach the barred window, where, as he imagined, the maiden stood waiting; and extending his hand to her, he said, "Take, lady, this hand. Nor do I give it that thou mayest kiss it, but only for thee to observe, by the size of its muscles, how great should be the force of the arm to which such a hand belongs." With that the servant seized a halter which she had brought from the stable, and making a running knot, she cast it over his wrist, tying the other end to the bolt of the door in the loft. Don Quixote, who felt the roughness of the cord on his wrist, said, "Methinks your worship doth rather grate than grace the hand; I pray you, handle it not so ill." But to this no one gave heed, for the two maidens had run away, dying of laughter, and they left him tied in such a manner that it was not possible for him to free himself. He dared not make any movement, lest Rozinante turning to one side or the other, he should be left hanging by the arm.

Seeing himself tied, and that the dames had gone, he fancied that all this had been done by enchantment, and that after this fashion, he and his horse would have to remain without eating, drinking or sleeping until some sage should disenchant him. But as the day began

to dawn, there arrived at the inn four men on horseback, who knocked loudly at the inn-door, for it was still closed. To them Don Quixote, from where he still kept guard, cried in an arrogant voice, "Knights or squires, or whoever ye be, ye have no right to knock at the gates of this castle, while those within are sleeping. Stand aside until day clears, and then we shall see if it is right or not to open to you."

"The devil of a castle is this," quoth one. "If thou be the innkeeper, order them to open to us; we are travellers and have no other want than to give our horses some corn, and to get on, for we are in haste." With that they began to knock again at the door in great fury, so that the innkeeper and all within the inn awoke, and rose to inquire who knocked. Rozinante, disturbed by the noise and the confusion, moved a little from where he had stood this long time, and Don Quixote, his feet shifting and sliding from the saddle, would have fallen to the ground had he not remained hanging by the arm. He hung so close to the ground that the points of his feet touched the earth, which caused him much pain, and he began to yell so loudly that the landlord, opening the doors, ran out to see what was the trouble.

The servant also heard his cries, and running to the loft, unseen of anyone, loosed the halter which held Don Quixote, so that he at once fell to the ground in the presence of the innkeeper and the travellers. Without a word, he slipped the halter from his wrist, and rising to his feet, mounted Rozinante, braced on his shield, put his lance in rest, and taking a good circuit of the field, returned at a half-gallop, saying, "Whoever shall affirm that I have not been fairly enchanted, if my lady, the Princess Micomicona shall give me leave for the same, I give him the lie and challenge him to single combat."

The newly arrived travellers stood amazed at Don Quixote's words; but the landlord told them who Don Quixote was, and that they should take no account of him for that he was out of his wits.

While the innkeeper was attending to the wants of the new-comers, who should come to the inn but the barber from whom Don Quixote had taken the helmet of Mambrino, and Sancho Panza the trappings of the ass. He, in taking his ass to the stable, came upon Sancho and recognized him. "Ah, Don thief," he cried, "here I have thee. Come, out with my basin and my pannel, and all my trappings

thou didst rid me of." Sancho, hearing this, with one hand held on to the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a cuff that he bathed all his teeth in blood. But the barber only cried the louder, so that all in the inn ran out to the noise and the fight, and he said: "What ho! the king and justice! because I would recover my own goods, this highway robber would murder me."

"Thou liest!" exclaimed Sancho, "I am no highway robber; for in fair fight did my master, Don Quixote, gain these spoils."

Here Don Quixote, putting himself between them, parted them and placed the pannel on the ground that all might see it. Then he said: "In order that your worships may see clearly the error in which this good squire stands, observe you, he calls that a basin which was, is, and shall be the helmet of Mambrino, which I took in fair war. As to the pannel, I shall not meddle. But go, Sancho boy, and bring hither the helmet, which this good man says is a basin." Sancho went for the basin and brought it. Don Quixote took it and said, "Behold, your worships, with what face this squire can say that this is a basin, and not a helmet. And whoever shall affirm to the contrary, I will make him know that he lies,"

Master Nicholas, well knowing Don Quixote's humor, and wishing to pursue the jest, declared that the basin was a helmet as the knight had said. And the others of the company, seeing his purpose, took up the discussion, all favoring the judgment of the knight, and mocking the poor barber, till verily he knew not whether he was dreaming or awake. But it happened just then that one of the travellers, who had heard the dispute, not knowing who Don Quixote was and not understanding the jest, said, "This is as much a basin as I am my father's son, and he who has said to the contrary is spirited with wine."

"Thou liest like a knavish villain," said Don Quixote; and raising his lance, he sent such a blow at his head that it would have laid him flat if he had not avoided it. The companions of the traveller ran to his aid, and the others to the aid of Don Quixote, and there followed such a turmoil that all the inn was full of laments, cries, curses, kicks and an effusion of blood.

In the midst of it all, Don Quixote suddenly cried in a thundering voice, "Hold, all! all put up their swords, all be calm; listen to me, if all desire to remain alive." At this, they became still, and he continued, saying, "Said I not, sirs, that this castle is enchanted, and that

some legion of devils doth inhabit it? Behold how we are all fighting, and no one knowing for what. Come then, your worship, sir priest, and pacify us; for truly it is great foolishness that so many distinguished people as we are, should be slain for causes so trifling." All, however, were not of the same mind; but finally, the turmoil was appeased, the basin remained a helmet, and the inn a castle until the day of judgment, in the mind of Don Quixote.



CHAPTER XX

THE ENCHANTED CAGE

BUT the peace did not last long, for there happened to be, among those who had lately come to the inn, an officer who held a warrant of arrest against Don Quixote, for the Holy Brotherhood had ordered him to be taken for having given liberty to the galley-slaves. No sooner had he seen the knight and recognized him as the man described in his warrant than he strongly seized him by the collar, and cried, in a loud voice, "Help the Holy Brotherhood! And that ye may know I demand it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein ye shall find that this highway robber must needs be arrested."

The priest took the warrant, and saw that the officer had spoken truly ; but Don Quixote, waiting not to discover the truth or untruth of the matter, in great wrath seized the officer by the throat as well as he could with both hands, so that if it had not been for his comrades the officer would there have left his life before Don Quixote let go his grip. Sancho, seeing what passed, cried, "As I live, it is true what my

master said of the enchantment of this castle; it is not possible to live an hour in it in peace."

Don Fernando parted the officer and Don Quixote, but still the officers demanded their prisoner. For the service of the king, as well as the Holy Brotherhood, required that they should seize this robber and highwayman. On hearing these words Don Quixote smiled and said, "Come hither, vile people and base born! Highway robbery, do you call it, to give liberty to those that are chained, to set captives free and give relief to the needy? Truly, ye are not worthy that Heaven should reveal to you the valor which is contained in knight-errantry! Tell me, who was the loggerhead that signed a warrant for the arrest of a knight-errant such as I am? Who was he that denies that knights-errant are exempt from all statutes of law, and that their law is their sword? What knight-errant ever paid tribute or custom? What governor who received him in his castle ever made him pay his fee? What king hath not placed him at his table? And, finally, what knight-errant has there been, is there, or will there be in the world who hath not courage, himself alone, to give four hundred thwacks to four hundred officers who will put themselves before him?"

As Don Quixote delivered himself thus, the priest tried to persuade the officers that the knight was out of his wits, so that they need not give themselves further trouble as to arresting him. They argued at first that their business was only to make the arrest, and not to judge of his sanity; but they soon saw by the many mad pranks which Don Quixote played that they would be as great fools as he to try to take him. Touching Mambrino's helmet, the priest, under a cloak, gave a crown for the basin, and the barber gave him a receipt and full discharge from thence and for ever and ever, Amen.

Two days had now passed since all that illustrious company had lodged at the inn, and it seemed to them high time to depart. They, therefore, planned how, without putting Don Fernando and Dorothea to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to his village, the priest and the barber could carry him back and get him cured of his lunacy at home. And their plan was that, agreeing with a bullock-driver who by chance came that way, he was to be carried in this fashion: They made a cage of poles, latticed, capable of holding Don Quixote in comfort; then Don Fernando and his companions covered their faces and disguised

themselves, so that they might appear to Don Quixote to be other people than those he had before seen in the castle.

This being done, in the greatest silence they entered the room where he was sleeping. Drawing near him, they seized hold of him, and tied his hands and his feet, so that when he awoke with a start he could not move nor do aught but wonder at these strange shapes which he saw standing before him. And immediately he thought these figures phantoms of the enchanted, and felt sure that he must now be enchanted, seeing that he could neither move nor defend himself. Not a word did the knight utter, but awaited the issue of his misfortune, which was that they brought him to the cage, shut him up in it, and nailed the timbers so fast that they could not easily be unloosed.

They then took him on their shoulders, and on going out of the room there was heard a fearful voice, which was in reality that of the barber, saying, "O Knight of the Rueful Visage, be not much afflicted for the prison into which thou goest, because the great adventure into which thy might hath brought thee may be ended thereby. And thou, O most noble and obedient squire which ever had sword in belt or beard on chin! let it not dismay thee to see

carried away before thine own eyes the flower of knight-errantry, for not by this shalt thou be defrauded of the promises which thy good lord hath made thee ; therefore, follow after the steps of thy valorous and enchanted knight, for it is meet that thou goest where ye both shall rest."

Don Quixote was comforted by this prophecy, for he believed it firmly, and was not only willing but glad to remain in the cage, to be taken wherever his enchanters might wish to send him ; for only thus, he thought, would his adventure be successfully ended. As for Sancho Panza, he followed quietly after it, for though he was in his right mind he lacked little of being sick of the same disease as his master. And upon this those ghosts carried the cage to the ox-wain.

CHAPTER XXI

THE PROCESSION OF THE PENITENTS. DON QUIXOTE IS CARRIED HOME IN THE EN- CHANTED CAGE

WHEN Don Quixote found himself caged and carted in that fashion, he wondered greatly at this new and unheard-of way of carrying the enchanted, for he could think of nothing in all his books of chivalry that was like it. "Yet," said he, "perhaps the chivalry and enchantments of these our times may follow another way than those of the ancients; and it might also be that as I am a new knight in the world, they have newly invented other forms of enchantment, and other ways of carrying the enchanted. How does it seem to thee, Sancho, my son?"

"I don't know how it seems to me," quoth Sancho, "but that's because I am not so learned as your worship in the arrant scriptures."

Meanwhile, as Don Quixote and Sancho discussed the matter, the rest of the company took their leave of each other. The priest and the barber, keeping their masks on, mounted their

beasts, and placed themselves to travel behind the cart, the priest having also agreed with the officers that they should keep him company as far as his village, giving them so much a day. Sancho mounted Dapple and took hold of the reins of Rozinante, from whose saddle hung the knight's shield and the helmet of Mambrino. Don Quixote went seated in the cage, his hands tied, his legs stretched out, and leaning against the cross-bars, in as much silence and as much patience as if he were not a man of flesh, but a statue of stone. And thus they began their journey.

The knight-errant and the arrant squire beguiled the journey in quiet discourse, until they came to a pleasant valley, where the barber suggested they might rest and find some grass for the oxen. Here Sancho begged of the priest that his master be freed from the cage for the short time that they would be eating their lunch, for that he was cramped and uncomfortable, sitting so long a time on the hard floor of the cage. This the priest willingly granted, as soon as Don Quixote had given his word of honor that he would not try to escape from them. The first thing he did, on finding himself outside the cage, was to stretch his whole body, and then, going up to Rozinante,

he gave him two slaps on the haunches, and exclaimed, "I still hope, O Flower and Mirror of horses, that we two shall soon see that which we both desire—thou with thy mounting, and I on top of thee, doing the deeds for which God sent me into the world."

By this time they had made their table of a carpet and the green grass of the meadow, where, under the shadow of some trees, they seated themselves, and began their meal. And as they were eating, they suddenly heard the clang of a trumpet, so piercing sad that it made them turn their faces toward the place where it seemed to sound. Don Quixote stood up, and turning his face in that direction saw a number of men, dressed in white, like penitents, descending a slope.

The case was this: During that year the clouds had withheld their dew from the earth, and in all the towns of that region they made processions, with prayers, begging God to send down rain; and for this purpose the people of a village near by were coming to a chapel which stood on a hill in that valley. Don Quixote, who saw the strange dresses of the penitents, without thinking of the many times when he must have seen them, imagined it to be a thing of adventure, and that he was bound

to undertake it. He also fancied that an image which they carried, covered with mourning, was some noble lady, whom those wicked thieves were carrying off. And no sooner had it entered his brain than he ran to Rozinante, and taking the helmet and the shield from the bow of the saddle, he mounted in a trice and, demanding his sword of Sancho, he set off at a hard gallop to encounter the penitents.

The priest and the barber would have stopped him, but it was not possible, and in vain did Sancho call after him to come back; for the knight was so bent on getting at the men in sheets, and in freeing the mourning lady, that he would not have turned back if the king had commanded it. Having overtaken the procession, he pulled up Rozinante, who would gladly rest a little, and cried, in a hoarse voice, "You who, perhaps because they are not worthy to be seen, cover up your faces, set free that beauteous lady, whose tears and face of sorrow give clear signs that she is being carried away against her will. And I, who am born into the world in order to avenge all such wrongs, will not consent that she pass one single step farther without giving her the liberty she so much desires."

At these words they all began to laugh, for

they plainly saw that this was some madman talking to them. The laughter added gunpowder to Don Quixote's wrath; for without another word, drawing his sword, he fell upon the bier. One who helped to carry it went out to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a stout stick. Don Quixote, with a furious stroke, cut it in two; but with the piece which remained in the penitent's hand, he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder that the poor knight came to the ground in evil plight. At this the rustic, fearing lest he had killed the knight, made off over the plain like a hunted deer. Sancho ran up to where his master lay, and taking him for dead, wailed loud and long, until Don Quixote, roused by his cries, said, in a faint voice, "Help me, friend Sancho; put me into the enchanted cage, for it is not for me to mount Rozinante again, seeing that this shoulder is cut to atoms."

"This will I do with right good will, my dear sir," replied Sancho; "and let us return to my village with these gentlemen, and there will we lay a scheme for another sally, which shall be to more profit and renown."

"Thou sayest well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. So they placed him in the cage, and the procession went on its way, though the offi-

cers now left them, and only the priest and the barber, Don Quixote and Sancho, travelled toward the village.

At the end of six days they reached their home, and were received with great joy as well as wonder at the strange manner in which the knight arrived. At the news of Don Quixote's coming, came the wife of Sancho Panza, to welcome her good man home; but the first thing she asked him was if the mule had come. The housekeeper and his niece received Don Quixote, whom they immediately put in his ancient bed. He looked at them with staring eyes, not understanding in what place he was. Here he stayed for several weeks, carefully guarded by his housekeeper and his niece, lest he should again escape and sally forth as a knight-errant.

During this time the priest and the barber would visit him and they had many pleasant talks, as Don Quixote, in a dressing-gown of green cloth and a red Toledo cap, looking as dry and withered as a mummy, sat up in bed and discussed the topics of the day. Don Quixote spoke so well and so wisely on all matters which they touched that his friends believed, beyond all doubt, that he was quite well, and possessed of his reason. But as soon as they spoke of knights-errant, they saw that

his wits were still as far afield as ever, and this discovery gave them no little pain.

The knight also received visits from his faithful squire Sancho, and with him he ever talked of other sallies they should make when he should be able to rise from his bed. Among other things that Sancho told him, he said, "Last night, Sampson Carrasco came home from Salamanca, where he has been studying; and when I went to bid him welcome, he told me that they have now put into a book the history of your worship, with the title of *The Ingenious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha*. And he said it mentioned me as your squire, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and many other things, which made me wonder how the history-maker who wrote came to know of them."

This amazed Don Quixote not a little and he immediately sent Sancho to bring Sampson Carrasco to see him, that he might learn from him more about this wonderful history.

CHAPTER XXII

CONCERNING THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.
HIS THIRD SALLY. THE THREE COUNTRY
GIRLS. THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

CONCERNING the history, Sampson Carrasco related to Don Quixote many things, exactly as they had happened to the knight. And they marvelled the more that neither Carrasco himself nor Don Quixote nor Sancho could discover how the author of the history knew all these happenings. At last Carrasco told the knight how there was no Second Part to the history, for, Don Quixote's adventures not yet being ended, how could the history be complete? At this Sancho exclaimed, "Let this master-writer see well what he is about, for I and my master will serve him as many adventures as shall help to make not only a Second Part, but a hundred." At Sancho's eagerness for more adventures, his master's brain at once took fire, and he was for setting out immediately on a third sally.

So, telling only his friend, Sampson Carrasco, of his intention, he and Sancho were ready in a

few days to set forth on their journey. Don Quixote's plan was to go first to Toboso, to see and take leave of his lady Dulcinea, and then to take his way to Saragossa, where there were soon to be some famous jousts. Bidding Carrasco farewell, the knight and his squire sallied forth; and without a thing happening worthy of record, they came in a few days within sight of the city of Toboso. This rejoiced the spirits of Don Quixote, and made sad those of Sancho, for that he did not know the house of Dulcinea, though he was supposed to have carried his master's letter to the lady.

On the evening of that day, they entered the city, and for several hours master and man rode up and down and in and out each street inquiring for the Princess Dulcinea's palace; but no one knew of such a princess nor could tell them ought of her palace. At last Sancho, seeing his master still standing in doubt, proposed to him that he go outside the city and rest in some shady grove, while Sancho himself would look for the palace and bring him word from his lady. This suited Don Quixote's humor, and he retired to a pleasant spot about two miles from the city.

Sancho, left to himself in the town, found his case no better than before, until, cudgelling his

brains for some plan of action, he hit upon this: "My master being mad as he is, it will be easy enough for me to make him believe that a country girl, the first I light on, is the lady Dulcinea; and if he does not believe it, I'll swear it; if he swears, I'll swear again; if he wrangles, I'll wrangle more, in such sort that I shall win at last. For he will doubtless think that some of those bad enchanters have changed her figure to work him harm." Scarcely had he said this to himself, than he saw, coming toward Toboso, three farming maids mounted on mules; and at sight of them he started off at a round pace in search of his master, to tell him that if he would sally out on the plain he would see the lady Dulcinea, who, with two of her maids, was come to see him.

Don Quixote, in great joy and amazement, rode out of the grove, and saw the three village girls close by. "I do not see, Sancho," he said, "other than three country women on three donkeys." "Peace, master!" answered Sancho, "is it possible that three palfreys as white as the driven snow should seem as asses to your worship? Say not so, but come and greet the mistress of your thoughts."

Saying this, Sancho went up to the three country girls, and throwing himself on the

ground on both knees before one of them, called her the lady Dulcinea and besought her kindness toward his master, until the maiden, amazed, knew not what to do. When Don Quixote also came up and put himself on his knees before her, her amazement turned to anger, for she thought these men were making sport of her and her companions. On which she exclaimed, "Get you gone, and be hanged! and let us pass, for we are in haste." Sancho rose and let her pass, but he saw that his plot had sped well, for Don Quixote still knelt on the ground, pouring out tender and beseeching words to the lass, whom he fancied to be the peerless Dulcinea under some terrible enchantment. The moment Dulcinea was free, she and her companions set to running, without turning to look behind, for the space of more than half a mile; and the sly rogue Sancho had much ado to hide his laughter on seeing the folly of his master, who was so delicately fooled.

Finally, after many discourses, they mounted their beasts again and followed the road to Saragossa. Don Quixote was very pensive for some time, thinking of the sorry jest which the enchanters had played upon him in turning his Lady Dulcinea into the ill form of the village

lass. When evening came they dismounted and made ready to pass the night beneath some shady trees. Here they soon fell asleep.

But a little time had passed when the knight was awaked by the noise of two men on horseback, coming near. They dismounted, and one of them, as he threw himself on to the ground to rest, made it plain to Don Quixote that he was in armor, and therefore a knight-errant. Don Quixote pricked up his ears at this, for he felt certain that it promised another adventure. He roused Sancho, and as they sat wondering who this strange knight might be, the newcomer approached them and with fair and gentle words besought their acquaintance. The two squires soon became friends, while the Knight of the Wood and Don Quixote discoursed pleasantly together. Among other things, he of the Wood finally said, "But that of which I am most proud is having overcome in single combat that most famous knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my lady Casildea is more beauteous than his Dulcinea." Don Quixote declared that it could not be so, for that he knew Don Quixote de la Mancha had never been conquered in such manner. "And if," he added, "what I say is not enough, here is Don

Quixote himself who will maintain the truth with his arms." The knight, whose mantle was covered with mirrors, accepted the challenge; but as it was dark, they decided to wait until daylight for the battle. The next day, after helping Sancho to climb a cork-tree for safety, Don Quixote put spurs to Rozinante and overthrew the Knight of the Mirrors, whose horse refused to go into the battle. His helmet being untied, his face strangely resembled that of Sampson Carrasco, and confessing that Dulcinea surpassed Casildea in beauty, he parted from Don Quixote in evil plight.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE CURDS. THE BATTLE OF THE LIONS. THE MARRIAGE OF QUITERIA

HAVING overcome the Knight of the Mirrors, Don Quixote followed his own way, holding himself to be the bravest knight-errant of that age. As they rode along Sancho tried to persuade him that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, of his own native village and the squire a rustic gossip of the same place. Don Quixote answered him by explaining that it was a plot of the enchanter who persecuted him to make it appear so and thus rob him of his glory. If the wizard, he said, would transform the peerless Dulcinea into a coarse country-woman it would be no wonder if he did the like to the Knight of the Mirrors.

Sancho, seeing some shepherds milking their ewes hard by, stopped to beg some milk. While he was doing this, Don Quixote rode on, and spying a wagon in the near distance carrying royal colors, the knight called in a loud

voice to Sancho to come and give him his helmet, for a new venture was close at hand.

Sancho put spurs to Dapple and came up to his master, who took the helmet and clapped it upon his head without noticing with what it was lined. Sancho had hastily bought some curdled milk of the shepherds, and having no other dish, had pressed the curds into the helmet.

Being squeezed by the pressure of the helmet on the knight's head, the whey began to run down over his face and beard, which gave him such a fright that he cried out: "What can this be? Surely my skull is softening and my brains are running down." Sancho was silent. He gave a napkin to Don Quixote with which to wipe his face, and thanks to God that his master had not found him out. The knight, feeling his head very cool, took off his helmet and saw the crumbs of curd in it. "By the life of my lady Dulcinea," he exclaimed, "thou lout, thou hast put curds in my helmet!"

"Nay, good master," quoth Sancho, "I also have my enchanters, who persecute me as being a member of your worship. If I had curds I would much rather put them into my belly than into your helmet!"

"All that may be so," quoth Don Quixote, wiping out the helmet. Then he put it on his

head, and grasping his lance, exclaimed, "Now, come what may, I am ready to do battle with Satan himself."

The wagon with the flags came up. It was drawn by mules, and there was a driver and also a man seated in front. Don Quixote set himself before them in the way. "What wagon is this?" quoth he.

"This wagon is mine," answered the driver, "and I am taking two caged lions to the king."

"Be they large lions?" asked Don Quixote.

"They are the largest that were ever sent from Africa to Spain," said the other man, who was the keeper and guarded the door of the cage. "They were sent to the king by one of his generals and they are hungry, having eaten nothing to-day. We are hastening on to a place where we can feed them, so your worship will please move out of the way."

"I am not a man to be frightened by lions," answered Don Quixote. "Alight, good man, open the cages, turn the beasts out into the middle of the field, and I will show thee who is Don Quixote de la Mancha, in spite of the enchanters who have sent them."

"Good, your worship, for the sake of charity let me unyoke the mules and put them in safety before you let loose the lions," exclaimed the

driver. "If the mules be killed I shall be ruined, for I have no other means of living but by them and this wagon."

"O man of little faith," quoth Don Quixote, "unyoke and do what thou wilt, and thou shalt shortly see that thou hast labored in vain."

The driver in great haste unyoked and fled with Sancho. The keeper unwillingly opened the cage. Don Quixote threw himself from his horse, flung aside his lance, and stood with drawn sword to await the onset. The lion arose, turned himself in his cage, reached out a paw, and stretched himself. Then he opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely; licked the dust from his eyes, and washed his face with his broad tongue. This done, he turned his back to Don Quixote, and with great coolness and quiet lay down again in the cage and went to sleep. Don Quixote ordered the keeper to stir him up and make him come out.

"That I will not do," said the keeper. "If I provoke him he will tear me to pieces first of all. Content you, sir, with what you have done. The lion has an open door before him. You have shown your courage. The shame is his if he dare not do battle with you."

Don Quixote was pacified by this flattering answer, and said, "Thou art right. Close the



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door, friend, and give me a writing that thou didst open the door to the lion and that he turned tail and laid him down."

The keeper gladly shut the door of the lions' cage and Don Quixote took the napkin with which he had wiped his face in the storm of curds and waved it to Sancho and the driver to return.

"Put thy mules to the wagon again, brother," said Don Quixote to the mule-driver as he came back, "and Sancho, do thou give him two pieces of gold as a recompense for his delay."

"That I will," said Sancho. "But what became of the lions? Be they alive or dead?"

Then the keeper told the story of the cowardice of the lions and the bravery of Don Quixote, who from that time added the title "Knight of the Lions" to his old one "Knight of the Rueful Visage."

Don Quixote and Sancho soon came upon some students who were hastening to a wedding, and they pressed the knight and his squire to accompany them.

They had not gone far when a dispute arose between the two students as to which was better, a knowledge of geometry or a knowledge of the use of the sword. To settle the matter

they left their horses and began to fight. He of the Mathematics knew distances and lines and angles so well that he cut off the buttons and rent in tatters the clothing of the Man of the Sword, and struck off his hat and flung it into the air. Then they embraced each other, swearing friendship, and rode on. Toward night they heard flutes and drums, cymbals and tambourines making a sweet and mingled music, and they came upon a garden covered with arbors planted by hand and lighted with countless lamps. It was here that the rich Camacho was to wed on the morrow the poor but beautiful Quiteria.

Sancho and his master slept in a field near by, and in the morning the savory odors of toasted bacon reached them. Sancho put the saddle on Rozinante and the pannel on Dapple and the two mounted and rode toward the bower. There were fifty cooks, men and women, preparing the wedding feast. Sancho counted more than sixty wine-skins, each containing more than four gallons of wine. He gloated over the piles of white bread,—the cheeses arranged like a rampart of bricks. There were two caldrons of oil wherein to fry things made of batter, which when cooked were dipped into another caldron full of honey.

There was a whole steer roasting before the fire. It was stuffed with a dozen little, tender pigs. Indeed, the feast being prepared was enough for an army. Sancho begged to be allowed to dip his dry crust of bread into a kettle where chickens were being stewed, whereupon the cook plunged a ladle into the pot and drew out three chickens and two geese, which he offered to Sancho; but the squire had no dish to put them in, so the cook gave him pot, ladle and all.

At this point loud shouts arose, "Long live Camacho the Rich and Quiteria the Fair," and there entered the bower a procession of beautiful maidens, dancers, and skilled players on the flute.

When Sancho caught sight of the bride he exclaimed, "In faith she does not come like a poor farmer's daughter, but like a palace lady."

The fair Quiteria was very pale, and as she arrived at the place where the marriage was to be solemnized, a man dressed in a loose black robe appeared. He accused her of casting him off with disdain because he was poor; and setting his sword in the ground, with the point upward, he threw himself upon it. The point appeared at his back with half the steel blade, and copious streams of blood spouted forth.

"Do not remove the sword," said the priest, "until he has confessed his sins and taken the sacrament, for the drawing out and his dying will be of the same moment. The youth, coming to himself, cried out, in a faint and doleful voice, "Cruel Quiteria, if thou wouldst give me thy hand as wife even in this last agony, I will be pardoned of my sins and die in peace." Don Quixote was much moved and prayed Camacho to allow the dying man this boon, since it would delay the wedding but a little and it was entirely honorable to marry a widow.

Camacho was much troubled, but he did not want a man to die without absolution, and he gave consent to the marriage. Quiteria, modest and shamefaced, took the young man's hand and declared him to be her lawful husband. The wounded man responded, "And I will take thee, Quiteria, for my wife, whether thou livest for years or they carry thee from my arms to the grave."

"The young man talks well for one so wounded," quoth Sancho. "Tell him to leave his courtings and attend to his soul."

The priest had no sooner pronounced his blessing than the young man sprang to his feet and drew the sword from his body, and all the

people began to shout, "A miracle! a miracle!"

"It is no miracle," replied the young man, "but thrift, thrift."

The sword had not passed through the flesh but through a hollow tube of iron, filled with blood and fitted to its place.

The priest and Camacho held themselves to be cheated, but the bride was well pleased, for she was married to the man of her choice, having been forced to accept Camacho by her parents. The followers of Camacho would have begun a fray at once, but Don Quixote called out in a loud voice, warning them not to take revenge, since it was accounted lawful to use artifice to overthrow a rival. Camacho reasoned that he had great cause to thank heaven for having rid him of a woman who was devoted in her heart to another man, and to show that he did not resent the jest he willed that the feast and merry-making should go on. But the poor, who be brave, have their own followers; and the young couple withdrew, taking Don Quixote with them, and Sancho followed bemoaning the loss of his pot of chickens.

CHAPTER XXIV

DON QUIXOTE DESCENDS INTO THE CAVE OF MONTESINOS

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho refreshed themselves for three days at the cost of the married people and went their way to the Cave of Montesinos, accompanied by a cousin of one of the students who had led them to Quiteria's wedding. The cousin was well versed in books of chivalry and knew the road to Montesinos's cave. Don Quixote took along a hundred fathoms of rope. The mouth of the cave was wide and spacious, but it was filled with wild fig, bramble, brier and thorn, so that it was quite hidden.

When they came to the place they alighted. The cousin and Sancho tied the rope around Don Quixote, who fell on his knees and offered a prayer to heaven and Dulcinea before descending into the dreadful pit. Innumerable crows and daws and bats flew out as he went down, and Sancho crossed himself a thousand times and threw his blessings after him. Don Quixote kept shouting for more rope until he

was out of hearing. They kept on letting down the rope until it was all paid out. At the end of a half-hour they began to wind it up again. It did not seem to have any weight at the end of it, which gave them great alarm. Sancho began to weep bitterly and pull the rope with haste, and they pulled up eighty fathoms before they felt any weight. At the nineteenth they spied Don Quixote and shouted for joy. But his eyes were closed, and when at last they had him in hand they found him asleep. They stretched him on the ground and untied him, but he slept on and on. When he came to himself he looked wildly around and exclaimed "O unhappy Montesinos! O ill-wounded Durandarte! O hapless Belerma!"

Sancho and the student besought him to let them know what he had seen in that infernal gulf.

"Do not call it infernal," said Don Quixote, "for it does not merit such repute." He begged that they would give him something to eat, and the three sat down in loving company and dined together from the larder of their wallets.

Then Don Quixote began to tell them what he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos after this manner: "Deep down in this abyss there

is a space sufficient to hold a great wagon with its mules. A little light creeps in through some crevices which are afar off in the surface of the earth. I saw this hollow space as I was descending, and resolved to enter it to rest awhile. I shouted to you not to pay out the rope but you did not hear me. So I gathered it up and made it into a coil and sat on it, wondering how I could get to the bottom of the cave. A deep sleep fell upon me, out of which I awoke and found myself in sight of a royal palace, whose battlements and walls were of pure crystal. Suddenly two wide gates opened in the midst of it and I saw an ancient man coming out from them. He was clad in a long trailing toga. Over the shoulders and across the breast he wore a college tippet of green satin, upon his head a black Milanese *gorra*, and his white beard reached to his girdle. He held a rosary of beads as large as small walnuts in his hand, and each tenth bead was as big as the egg of an ostrich. His stately step, grave aspect, and majestic presence struck me with amaze and wonder. He said:

“‘It is a woful age since we have been imprisoned in these enchanted wastes, valorous Don Quixote. We have long hoped for a sight of thee, that thou mayst tell the world what is

hidden in this deep cavern. No one has ever dared to enter here. It is a feat kept solely for thy stupendous courage. I am Montesinos, himself. The cavern takes its name from me. Come with me and I will show thee the wonders hidden in this transparent castle.' 'Is it true then,' I demanded of him, 'that thou didst take the heart of thy beloved cousin, Durandarte, to his lady, Belerma, as he commanded thee when at the point of death?'

"He answered that it was true, and then he led me into the crystal palace, where, in a lower hall, exceeding fresh and beyond compare, was a marble tomb of alabaster. There was a knight stretched upon it, not of bronze, nor of sculptured jasper, but of flesh and bone. He held his muscular, hairy right hand across his heart.

"'This,' said Montesinos, 'is Durandarte, flower of chivalry. He is held here, enchanted, as I am, also, and many others, both knights and ladies, by Merlin, that French enchanter, who they say was a son of the devil. No one knows why he enchanted us. What amazes me is this,—I know that Durandarte died in my arms, and that after his death I carried his faithful heart, which weighed two pounds, to his lady, Belerma.'

"This was no sooner said than Durandarte exclaimed, in a loud voice: 'O, my cousin,

Montesinos, carry my heart to my lady Belerma, and serve her truly for the love thou bearest me.'

"On hearing this Montesinos knelt down before Durandarte and said: 'Dear cousin mine, Durandarte, I took thy heart and posted to France with it, having first wiped it with a lace handkerchief. On the way I sprinkled salt on it that it might not have an evil odor in the presence of the lady, Belerma, who with thee, and with me, and Guadiana, thy squire, and with Ruydera, the lady in waiting, and her seven daughters, are held here enchanted by Merlin the sage; and although it be more than five hundred years, not one of us hath died; only Ruydera and her children are lacking, for Merlin took pity on them and converted them into so many lakes, which are now in the world of the living and in the province of La Mancha. Guadiana, thy squire, howling thy misfortune, was changed into a river. Ever and anon he comes to the surface of the earth and shows himself where living people may behold him. The lakes of Ruydera feed him their waters, by which, grand and pompous, he enters Portugal. One piece of glad tidings would I now tell thee. Open thine eyes and see the great knight of whom Merlin prophesied so many

great things—that Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has brought knight-errantry to life.’

“Durandarte turned over on his side, saying, ‘Patience and shuffle.’ Then he fell asleep again.

“After this I heard great outcries and laments, accompanied by sighs and sobs. I turned mine eyes and saw through the crystal walls a procession of beauteous maidens, all dressed in mourning, with white turbans on their heads. And last of all came Belerma, carrying, in a cambric handkerchief, the mummied heart of Durandarte. Montesinos told me that Belerma and her maidens walked in that doleful procession every four days in the week, chanting dirges over the body and wounded heart of her cousin, Durandarte. But more wonderful things will I tell of what mine own eyes saw. Montesinos showed me three country girls frisking like kids in those charming fields. Scarcely had I seen them when I knew one to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.”

When Sancho heard this he asked him by what tokens he knew the lady, Dulcinea.

“I knew her,” said Don Quixote, “because she had on the same clothes which she wore when thou didst take my letter to her. I spoke to her, but she gave me never a word. She turned

and fled with such swiftness that an arrow could not overtake her. But what grieved me most was that there came to my side one of the companions of the hapless Dulcinea, who is held in those lower regions by enchantment. With tears in her eyes and in a low, troubled voice the girl said to me: 'My lady, Dulcinea del Toboso, sends your worship greetings and this new dimity petticoat as a pawn, and begs you to lend her half a dozen reals, taking the petticoat as security.'

"'A pawn I will not take, and I have but four reals,' I answered. 'Tell your sweet lady that I die lacking the sweet sight of her, and that I would I were a banker that I might send her all the money she needs.'

"The girl took the money, and, dancing a little jig, ran off with it."

"For the love of God," quoth Sancho, "is it possible that there be enchanters that turn the good sense of my master into such savage madness?"

But the student, who was writing a book on the Inventions of Antiquity, counted it a great blessing to have heard this story, for it gave him light on the use of cards in ancient times, since Durandarte, after sleeping five hundred years, had exclaimed, "Patience and shuffle."

CHAPTER XXV

THE VILLAGE OF BRAY. THE BATTLE WITH THE PUPPETS

AFTER leaving the cave of the Montesinos they went on until they came to an inn which Don Quixote took for a real inn and not a castle, much to Sancho's delight. Here was rehearsed them a story by a carrier of arms.

"Your worships must know," he said, "that in a village not far from here it happened that an alderman lost a donkey. He offered a reward to anyone who would find it. After fifteen days had passed the owner of the donkey met another alderman, who told him that he had seen the beast on a mountain and offered to go with him and show him the place. So the two aldermen set out afoot and made for the hills, but they did not catch a glimpse of the lost donkey. Then said the second alderman, 'Let us go around the mountain, you in one direction and I in the opposite, and as we go we will bray occasionally, and the lost donkey will answer us.'

"The owner of the strayed donkey agreed to

this and they went around the mountain braying, and so well did they bray that they were both deceived, and they believed they had heard the real donkey. The poor beast never responded, but they found him half-eaten by the wolves. Nevertheless the owner of the ass felt that he was well repaid, since he had discovered a new talent in himself and his gossip. They went home hoarse with braying, and extolled each other to the skies for the musical gift. The devil, who sleeps not, brought it to pass that the folks of another village all began to bray, as if to ridicule the village which had the braying aldermen, and this had brought a war between the two villages."

The carrier of arms ended his story by telling them that he was going with his pikes and halberds to the Village of Bray for use in one of the battles.

At this point a man came to the door of the inn and shouted, "What ho, sir host! Is there any room? for here comes the divining ape, and the puppet-show of the Deliverance of Melisendra."

"Goodness of heaven!" exclaimed the landlord, "why, here comes Master Pedro! A brave night we shall have of it. Where be the monkey and the puppets, that I do not see them?"

"They are close by," replied Pedro. "I only came to find out if there was a lodging to be had."

"I would turn out the Duke of Alva himself," said the landlord, "to find room for Pedro. Let the monkey and the manikins come, for there is company in the inn to-night who will be glad to see the talents of the monkey."

Thereupon Don Quixote asked the landlord what show this was that carried a monkey.

"This is a famous puppet-showman," said the innkeeper, "who has been a long time going up and down this Mancha of Arragon with the show of the Deliverance of Melisendra by her husband, the famous Don Gayferos. It is one of the best pieces of acting by puppets that has been seen for many years in this part of the kingdom. His monkey has a rare talent, for, when asked anything, he springs to his master's shoulder and whispers the reply in his ear. He will tell you more of things past than of things to come and yet more of things present. It is thought that Pedro is pretty rich. He talks as much as six and drinks more than a dozen and gets two reals for each answer that his monkey makes."

Here Pedro came in with his puppet-show and monkey, and Don Quixote plied him with

test questions to find out if the things which befel him in the Cave of the Montesinos were real or dreams. The monkey declared them to be half true and half false, much to Sancho's satisfaction.

The people of the inn gathered in front of the puppet man's stage, Don Quixote, Sancho, and the cousin being seated in the best places, and the play began with the sound of many trumpets and drums and a discharge of artillery behind the scenes. There was a boy hidden behind the puppets to push the dolls about in the discharge of their parts and recite the history which they acted.

He lifted up his voice and said:

"Now begins the play of the true history of the deliverance by Don Gayferos of his wife Melisendra, who had been captured and held by the Moors in Spain. I pray your worship see how Don Gayferos is playing at draughts. There comes the Emperor Charlemagne, the father of Melisendra, who chides him for not rescuing his wife. Look you how Don Gayferos flings away the game and demands of his cousin, Don Roldan, the loan of his sword Durindana. Now turn your eyes to yon tower and behold that lady in the balcony. It is the peerless Melisendra looking for her husband to

come and free her. See that Moor come slyly along and kiss Melisendra. See her spit and wipe her mouth. How bitterly she cries while tearing out her beautiful hair. Here comes the King of the Moors and orders the arrest of the insolent one."

"Boy, boy!" shouted Don Quixote, "go on with the story in a straight line."

Pedro, who was back of the scenes, called out, "Chap, do not go swimming out of your depth!"

"I will do as you bid," said the boy, and continued saying: "See this figure on horseback. It is Don Gayferos. Melisendra recognizes him, and now we see her letting herself down from the balcony to put herself on the horse with her husband. Alas! the lace of her petticoat has caught on one of the spikes of the balcony and she is hanging in the air. But Don Gayferos stands up in his saddle and pulls her down without minding whether the lace be torn or not. Away they go, pursued by the Moors. The trumpets sound, the drums beat."

Don Quixote now became so excited that he drew his sword to slay the rabble lest they should overtake the peerless Melisendra and the daring Don Gayferos. With a swift spring to the front of the show he began to rain down

his strokes upon the puppet Moors, cutting off their heads and limbs. Pedro shouted: "Hold, your worship, do not overthrow, maim, and kill these little paste figures. Wretch that I am! You rob me of my living."

But Don Quixote would not stop until he had tumbled the whole show to the ground. The Moorish King was badly wounded; Charlemagne's head was cloven in two; the monkey fled to the ceiling, and the spectators rose in anger. After the massacre of the manikins, Don Quixote rested a while and Pedro lamented his own bad fortune until the knight ordered Sancho to pay him in full for the dolls that he had slain and to add two reals for the trouble of catching the monkey. Then they left the inn and betook them to the road to await new adventures.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE BATTLE OF BRAY. THE ENCHANTED BARGE

CID HAMETE, the chronicler of this famous history, says that Gines de Passamonte, one of the galley-slaves to whom Don Quixote gave deliverance, was he who stole Sancho Panza's Dapple; and that this Gines, fearful of arrest and punishment, determined on passing into the kingdom of Arragon, and so, disguising himself by covering his left eye with a pad, took up the profession of puppet-playing, and juggling. He it was whose puppets Don Quixote had slain. And it had cost him dear if the Knight had, by any accident, knocked the pad off from his eye while slaying the dolls.

Returning to Don Quixote, I say that, after he had sallied forth from the inn, he determined to see the river Ebro and the banks thereof before going to Saragossa to see the jousts. Ascending a slope he heard a great noise of drums and trumpets and guns. At first he fancied that a regiment of soldiers was passing by and he spurred Rozinante and

mounted to the top of the slope. From this summit he saw two hundred men armed with rattles, pikes, cross-bows, muskets, and targets. They bore a white satin standard, on which was painted a donkey with its head raised on high in the act of braying. Don Quixote told Sancho that, doubtless, they had arrived at the Village of Bray; the bemocked village was sallying out to fight with the one which had abused it.

Don Quixote made for the standard of the donkey, much to Sancho's grief, and, raising his visor, began to supplicate them to make peace, since nothing was to be gained by fighting over so small an affront.

"The devil fetch me," exclaimed Sancho, "if this master of mine be not as good as a priest," and putting his hands to his nostrils he began to bray so violently that the village resounded. Whereupon a man who stood near, supposing he was mocking them, gave him such a blow that it brought the unlucky squire to the ground. Don Quixote saw Sancho fall and ran with his lance to defend him, but was met with a storm of stones, so he turned and galloped off to a safe distance, leaving Sancho to his fate. They set Sancho on his donkey, but he had not the strength left to guide him, and

Dapple followed the frogs of Rozinante, without whom he was nobody. In two days they reached the river Ebro, the sight of which gave great delight to Don Quixote. They sauntered along by the river's brink until they saw a small barge, without oars, tied to the trunk of a tree.

"Thou must know, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that yonder boat is inviting me to enter it that I may rescue some important person who is in the pinch of danger. Dismount and tie Dapple and Rozinante to the trunk of yon elm, and may the hand of God guide us, for nothing shall hinder me from embarking."

"Nay, your worship," quoth Sancho, "this boat does not belong to enchanters, but to fishermen, for they catch the best shad in the world in this river."

The knight, after leaping into the boat, followed by Sancho, cut the rope, and they floated away from the bank. When the squire found himself some two yards out in the stream, he began to tremble, fearing his perdition; but nothing gave him greater pain than to hear Dapple bray and to see Rozinante struggle to unloose himself, and he began to cry bitterly, which provoked Don Quixote to say: "What makes thee afraid, trembling coward? Why

weepest thou, heart of lard? Who vexes thee, thou soul of a mouse? Art thou walking bare-footed over stony hills, instead of being seated like an archduke on the sloping current of this enchanting river, which shall soon carry us on to the open sea? As it is we must have sailed seven or eight hundred leagues. We have already passed or soon shall pass the line which cuts the world in halves."

"And when we come to that line, how far shall we have travelled?" quoth Sancho.

"A mighty distance," replied Don Quixote. "We have not got five yards from the bank," said Sancho, "for yonder be Rozinante and Dapple in the place where we left them."

The barge glided slowly down the stream, where they discovered some great corn-mills built in mid-water. "Behold yon castle, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "In it there lies some knight or queen or princess in evil plight, to whose relief I am brought hither."

"The devil of a castle," quoth Sancho. "Do you not see that they are mills standing in the river for the grinding of corn?"

"Peace, Sancho," returned the knight, "thine eyes are blinded by enchantment." Here the boat began to move more swiftly, and the millers, looking ghostly from their clothes being

covered with meal-dust, ran with long poles in all haste to rescue the knight and his squire. "What devils of men are ye?" they exclaimed. "Are ye mad and trying to drown yourselves or be torn to pieces by the wheels?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "that we had come to a place where I must show the valor of mine arm? Behold the padders and villains that come to encounter me!" And, standing up in the barge, he began in a loud voice to shout and threaten the millers, calling on them to set free the person imprisoned in the castle. He drew his sword and began to fence in the air against the millers, who made their poles arrest the barge, which was entering the sucking torrent near the wheels, and through no fault of theirs the boat was upset, and Don Quixote and Sancho tumbled into the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a gander, and yet the weight of his arms carried him twice to the bottom. The millers flung themselves into the stream and brought them safely to shore, when Sancho fell on his knees and gave thanks to Heaven for so safely delivering him. And here the fishermen who owned the barge came up. The boat had been dashed to pieces by the mill-wheels, and when they saw the wreck they began to beg that Don

Quixote would pay for it. He calmly told them that he would willingly pay for the bark if they would free the person whom they held bound in this their castle.

"Senseless madman," said one of the millers, "wouldst thou carry away those who come hither to grind their corn?"

"Enough," said Don Quixote to himself, "it will be crying in the wilderness to attempt to induce these dogs to do a good work." So he paid the fishermen fifty reals, which Sancho handed to them with great reluctance, saying, "Two more such embarkations as this will sink our whole fortune." Then the fishermen returned to their cabins, the millers to their work, and Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts, returned to their beasts, and so ended the adventure of the enchanted barge.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE BEAUTIFUL HUNTRESS. DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE ARE ENTERTAINED AT THE CASTLE OF A DUKE

IN evil plight did the knight and the squire reach their animals, especially Sancho, whose heart was touched by the loss of so much money. They got to horse and left the river. At sunset the next day they saw some people afar off, and they knew them for falconers. They rode closer, and Don Quixote descried a fair lady upon a white nag adorned with green trappings and a saddle-chair of silver. On her left hand she carried a goshawk, which gave Don Quixote to understand that she was some great lady and mistress of the hunt, which was true. So he said to Sancho, "Run, boy, and tell that lady of the goshawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her great beautifulness, and that if she will give me leave I will serve her with all my might; and mind thee, Sancho, do not overrun thy speech with proverbs. Sancho set off at a gallop, forcing Dapple beyond his usual pace, and went up to

the fair huntress. Then alighting and kneeling before her he said : " Lovely lady, yonder Knight of the Lions is my master ; I am his squire, whom, at home, they call Sancho Panza. This same Knight of the Lions, whom not so long ago they called the Knight of the Rueful Visage, sends by me to ask of your greatness to be so kind as to give him leave to serve your lofty hawking beautifulness."

" Rise from the ground, good squire," answered the lady. " Thou hast delivered thy embassage with all the ceremony needful. Go to thy lord and bid him welcome, and that he come and be served by me and the duke, my husband, at a rural mansion we have hard by." Sancho rose, as much astonished at the beauty of the lady as at her high breeding and courtesy, and more at what she had said of his master, the Knight of the Rueful Visage. " Pray," said the duchess (whose name the history does not mention), " is not your master called ' the ingenious gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha,' who has for the mistress of his affections a certain lady named Dulcinea del Toboso? "

" The very same," answered Sancho. " And that squire of his, called Sancho Panza, who is, or ought to be, spoken of in the same history,

am I, unless I was changed in the cradle—I mean in the printing.”

“I am much delighted with what you tell me,” quoth the duchess. “Go to your master, good Panza, and give him my invitation to my house.” Sancho, overjoyed at this gracious answer, hastened back to his master, and repeated to him all that the great lady had said. Don Quixote seated himself handsomely in the saddle, adjusted his visor, roused Rozinante, and, assuming a courtly manner, advanced to kiss the hand of the duchess. She had called the duke, her husband, to her side, and had given him a full account of Sancho’s embassy. Both her grace and the duke had read the history of Don Quixote, and were therefore aware of his extravagant humor, and they waited for him with infinite pleasure and the most eager desire to be acquainted with him. They agreed to indulge his fancies to the utmost while he stayed with them and treat him as a knight-errant with all the ceremonies described in books of chivalry, which they took pleasure in reading. Don Quixote now came up and signified his intention to dismount, and Sancho was hastening to his assistance. But the squire’s foot caught in Dapple’s stirrup, and Sancho hung with his face to the ground. Don

Quixote, not accustomed to alight without having his stirrup held, and thinking that Sancho was already there, threw his body off with a swing of his right leg, and down came Rozinante's saddle; he fell with it, much to his mortification, muttering execrations against his squire, who was still hanging by the leg. The duke sent some of his attendants to relieve the knight and the squire. They raised Don Quixote, who came limping to kneel before the lord and lady. The duke, however, would not suffer it; on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went up and embraced him, saying: "I am sorry, Sir Knight of the Rueful Visage, that your coming to my domains hath been so ill-starred. The carelessness of squires is often the cause of mishaps."

"The moment cannot be ill-starred," replied Don Quixote, "that introduces me to your highness. Confound my squire! He is better at letting his tongue loose to utter impertinence than at buckling a saddle; but whether up or down, on foot or on horseback, I am at your service and that of my lady, the duchess, your worshipful consort, queen of beauty and universal princess of courtesy."

"Softly," said the duke, "for where my lady Dulcinea del Toboso reigns, it is not right that other beauties should be extolled."

Now the history relates that before they came to the rural mansion of the duke, his highness rode on ahead to instruct his servants in what manner they were to receive Don Quixote. Sancho's heart swelled with pride and joy as he imagined the good cheer in store for him. When they came up to the castle gate two grooms, dressed to the heels in red satin, came out and took Don Quixote in their arms, saying: "Will not your greatness assist our lady, the duchess, to alight." The knight hastened to offer his services, but she would only alight into the duke's arms, as she did not think herself worthy to impose a burden upon a knight so illustrious.

Sancho, giving up Dapple, attached himself to the duchess and entered the castle. But his conscience stung him for leaving the donkey, so he went to a lady-in-waiting and said to her: "I would that your grace would do me the favor to order my donkey put in the stable; or will you put him there yourself, for the poor little fellow is timid and cannot bear to be left by himself."

"Get thee gone, fellow," answered the duenna. "If the master prove as discreet as the man we are well off indeed. A fig for thy wit!"

"I thank you for the fig," replied Sancho; "if it is as old as you I am sure it will be ripe."

"Whether I am old or not I shall give an account to God and not to thee, thou varlet," said the duenna, in a fire of rage. The duchess, seeing the duenna in such anger, asked what was the matter.

"I only begged that my ass should be put in the stable," quoth Sancho, "for the love I bear him."

"Sancho is not to be blamed for anything," said the duke. "Let him not be anxious. Dapple shall be treated with as much regard as himself." This conversation was pleasing to all except Don Quixote. They mounted a staircase into a spacious hall hung with drapings of gold. Six maidens took off his armor and waited on him as pages, all having been instructed by the duke and duchess in what they had to do. They begged to put on him a clean shirt, after the manner of dressing knights in the books of chivalry, but this he would by no means allow, saying that modesty as well as courage was becoming to a knight.

The maidens withdrew and Don Quixote locked himself with his squire in the beautiful apartment assigned him. Being alone with him he said: "Tell me, Sancho, thou mountebank, was it well for thee to affront a venerable duenna? Or was it a time to recollect

thee of thy Dapple? Or be these the kind of lords to allow beasts to fare ill while their masters are so elegantly treated? Look ye, sinner that thou art, know that the master is so much the more esteemed as his servants are the more honest and well bred. Bridle thy tongue and muse on thy words."

Sancho promised to sew up his mouth rather than to speak another word not to the purpose, while Don Quixote dressed himself, put on his scarf and sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green bonnet which the maidens had given him, and in this guise made for the great hall, where he found the damsels rushing to serve him with finger-water. Soon there came the chief butler with a dozen pages to bring him to dinner where the nobles were awaiting him. The duke insisted that Don Quixote should sit at the head of the table, which he refused to do; but the duke forced him, upon which Sancho begged to tell a story, much to the disgust of Don Quixote and the delight of the duchess.

"A gentle of my village," quoth Sancho, "invited a husbandman to dine with him. The two being ready to sit down at table, the noble strove with the rustic that he should sit at the head, which the farmer refused to do, presuming

that it would be more becoming for the gentleman to command in his own home. But the gentleman became tetchy, and putting his hands on the farmer's shoulders, said: 'Sit thee down at the head, stupid chopsticks, for wherever I sit, that will be the top to thee.' " Don Quixote's face turned a thousand colors at this sly joke of Sancho's, but the duchess dissembled her laughter and changed the discourse that Sancho should not bring forward more cracks of wit. On removing the cloth when the dinner was ended, there came in four maidens, one with a silver basin, one with a silver jug, another with fine towels, and the fourth with arms naked to the elbow and a ball of soap. She of the basin fixed the dish under Don Quixote's beard, and he said not a word, believing it to be the custom of the country to wash beards after dinner instead of hands. The water began to rain from the jug while the maiden of the soap raised a snow-bank of suds over his face as well as his beard, while she commanded her of the jug to go for more water. It was a wonder that they all hid their laughter who saw the knight with half a yard of swarthy neck and eyes shut, waiting for the maiden of the jug to return. The maidens did not dare to look at the duke, for he was not in the jest and was

angry. When they made an end of washing Don Quixote they all made solemn courtesies and would have gone, but the duke said :

“Come hither and wash me also.” They washed and soaped him very well, for the duke had sworn that he would chastise them for their boldness if they did not serve him in the same manner.

Sancho was very attentive to this ceremony. “Heaven guide me !” said he. “Is it the custom, I wonder, to wash the beards of squires?”

“What are you saying to yourself, Sancho?” quoth the duchess, and finding that he fancied the washing, she continued, “Do not grieve, friend Sancho, I will see that the maids wash thee and put thee a-soaking in suds, too, if need be.”

After the dinner, while Don Quixote and the duke sat discoursing on knight-errantry, there arose a tumult in the palace, and Sancho was heard to exclaim, “I will have it done with cleaner towels and cleaner water. He who comes to wash me or touch a hair of my beard, I will give him such a punch as will leave my fist buried in his skull. For these latherings seem to me more like a mockery of guests than an entertainment.” It gave Don Quixote no pleasure to see his squire decked with a

filthy dish-towel and pursued by jokes of the kitchen.

“Holla! my masters, let my squire alone,” he cried, “for I know not aught of mocking.”

“Sancho Panza is right,” said the duchess, “he is clean and needs no washing. Ye are low-bred servants not to bring jugs of gold and towels of fine cambric to the washing of such a beard.” The knavish servants slunk away abashed, while Sancho fell on his knees and thanked the duchess, who promised to hasten his appointment as governor of an island.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TO DISTANT LANDS ON A WOODEN HORSE.
SANCHO IS MADE GOVERNOR

THE history goes on to relate how Sancho explained the enchantment of Dulcinea del Toboso to the duchess, who planned a hunt, when Merlin, the enchanter, appeared, with the lady Dulcinea herself, who laid upon Sancho the penance of chastising himself with three thousand and three hundred stripes that she might thereby become disenchanting. And it relates that Don Quixote and his squire mounted the wooden horse Clavileño, which, while they were blindfolded, did seem to rise and fly through the air three thousand leagues, although it never stirred from the garden where it stood. And by this marvellous flight was the Countess Trifaldi rid of a beard which an enchanter had caused to grow upon her face. The duke and duchess were so pleased with the outcome of this jest that they resolved to perpetrate another. So they drew up a plan and gave orders to their servants concerning

their behavior toward Sancho in his government of the promised island. The duke told Sancho that he should dress properly and prepare to go as governor, for the island was awaiting him.

Sancho made obeisance and said: "Where is the greatness of governing half a dozen men no larger than hazel-nuts? If your lordship will be pleased to offer me a small portion of heaven I would jump at it sooner than the largest island in the world."

"Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "it is not mine to give any part of heaven, but the island I give you is round and sound. Out of it thou mayest lay up treasures in heaven."

"Come on then with this island," said Sancho, "and I will strive to be such a governor that, in spite of scoundrels, to heaven I shall go. Dress me as you may, I shall still be Sancho Panza."

Don Quixote took Sancho by the hand and led him to his own room, and the door being shut, made Sancho sit down beside him while, in a gracious voice, he said:

"I give thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, for thy good luck. Thou whom I held to be a dolt doth find thyself the governor of an isl-



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO RIDING THROUGH THE AIR.



and by being merely touched by the breath of knight-errantry and without taking any pains. Give thanks to Heaven and not to thine own merit.

“First, my son, fear God, for to fear Him is wisdom.

“Second, know thyself, that thou mayest not be puffed up.

“Pride thyself on the humbleness of thy family, and scorn not to say that thou comest of peasants. Blood is inherited, but virtue is acquired.

“If thy wife come to thee, teach her and smooth her out of her natural rudeness, for a silly woman may destroy the power of a good governor.

“Be not under the Dominion of thine own fancies and whims.

“Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee, than the prayers of the rich.

“Strive to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich as much as in the sighs and entreaties of the poor.

“Whenever justice may ease the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the transgressor. For the severe judge is not better than the compassionate.

"If thou must bend the rod of justice, let mercy do it and not a bribe.

"Be just to thine enemies.

"Let not personal affection bind thee to any man's cause.

"Give no heed to a woman's beauty, lest thy reason be overcome by her laments.

"Reville not with words him whom thou hast to correct with deeds.

"When a criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail nature of man, for the mercy of God is more glorious than is his justice.

"If thou follow these rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame eternal, and thy happiness unspeakable.

"What I have said to thee shall serve to adorn thy soul. Listen now to that which shall serve to adorn thy body."

Sancho listened attentively and endeavored to keep in memory his counsels. Don Quixote continued:

"I charge thee, Sancho, be cleanly in thy person. Pare thy nails and do not go loose and ungirt. Live according to thine income. Do not eat garlic or onions. Walk softly. Speak deliberately. Eat and drink temperately. Wine keeps no secret nor does it fulfil

any promise. Do not chew on both sides of thy mouth.

"Do not distract thy listeners with proverbs, and when thou gettest to horse do not carry thy legs straight and stiff. Riding on horseback makes gentlemen of some and jackasses of others."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "full well do I know that all which your worship has said are things of profit. But of what use are they if I cannot recollect even one of them? It will be needful to give them to me in writing; for though I can neither read nor write, my confessor shall drive them into me."

"Ah, sinner that I am!" said Don Quixote, "how hateful it is in governors not to know how to read or write."

"I know how to sign my name," said Sancho, "for when I was steward in my village, I learned to make some letters, such as they mark on bales, which they said spelt my name; and at the worst I can feign that my hand is lame and I will manage that another shall sign for me. There is a remedy for everything except death. And I, holding command, will do what I list. And I being governor, let them make faces if they dare. Some come for wool and go back shorn. Let the clown daub him-

self with honey and he will never want flies. As much as you have, so much are you worth. Of a rich man thou shalt never get revenge."

"Confound thee, Sancho," exclaimed Don Quixote, "sixty thousand Satans fly away with thee and thy proverbs. Each one is a gulp of torment to me. One of these days those proverbs of thine will bring thee to the gallows. Thou wilt surely provoke thy people to rebellion."

"In the name of Satan," quoth Sancho, "why should it fret you that I help myself out of my own garden? I have no other fortune but proverbs. But I will not say them. Good silence is a saint. If I am not fit for this government, I will let it go. I care more for a nail's paring of my soul than the whole of my body. I can keep me plain Sancho on bread and onions as well as governor on partridges. Your worship, and no one else, set me on to this matter of government, for I know no more of governments than a vulture; and if you think the devil will get me if I am a governor, much more would I go to heaven as plain Sancho."

"By the holy rood," exclaimed Don Quixote, "only for these last words of thine do I judge

thee worthy to be governor over a thousand islands. Commend thee to God and strive not to err in the main intention, for Heaven will bless thy good purposes."

That evening, to carry forward their jests, the duke and duchess had Sancho despatched with an ample retinue to the village which was to him to be an island. He was dressed like a gownsman, and behind him came Dapple in harness with ornaments of silk, spick and span. Sancho turned his head now and then to behold his donkey, in whose company he was so happy that he would not have changed places with the Emperor of Germany. The history relates that Don Quixote felt much loneliness and remained at the house of the duke and duchess, who perpetrated many jests upon him while Sancho governed his island, which was called Barataria.

On arriving at the gates of the village, which had a wall all around it, the magistrates and aldermen went in a body to receive him. They rang bells and made a general rejoicing, and gave him the keys of the town.

The people of Barataria were astonished to see how short and fat was the new governor. They carried him to the Hall of Judgment, where he distinguished himself for righteous

sentences as one case after another came before him. He was then conducted to a sumptuous palace, where was placed a royal banquet. But a physician appointed by the duke would not allow Sancho to eat on pretence of injuring his health. On the seventh night of his government Sancho was roused from sleep by a great uproar. Nearly starved, he sat up in bed and listened. There was a noise of drums and trumpets and shoutings. He became confused and was full of terror. He drew on his slippers and ran out of his room. A score of persons bearing torches rushed to him, crying and shouting at the top of their voices: "Arm, arm, lord governor, arm! hosts of enemies have entered the island. We are lost if you do not rescue us! Be our leader and our captain!"

"Arm me if you like," said Sancho. "As I am a sinner I know naught of arms!"

They armed him with bucklers and put a lance in his hand and called him to march to lead them on to victory. They pushed him along and ran over him and stumbled and fell on him, calling out: "Here is the enemy! Close yonder gate! Block the streets with beds!"

Sancho prayed that the good Lord would

rid him of the terrible government, and Heaven heard his cry, for his followers shouted : " Victory ! victory ! the conquered enemy is flying. Arise, lord governor, and share the spoils taken from the enemy." They lifted Sancho up and carried him to his bed and brought him wine, for he fainted with fright and fear. And those who had played this trick upon him began to be vexed with themselves that they had carried it so far. When he recovered he arose and began to dress himself. His followers watched him in silence. He went out to the stable and they followed him. On coming to Dapple he gave him a hug and a kiss, and he saddled him with his own hands. Then he mounted the donkey, and taking a little barley for Dapple and a little bread and cheese for himself he rode away, thankful to be rid of the island and its honors.

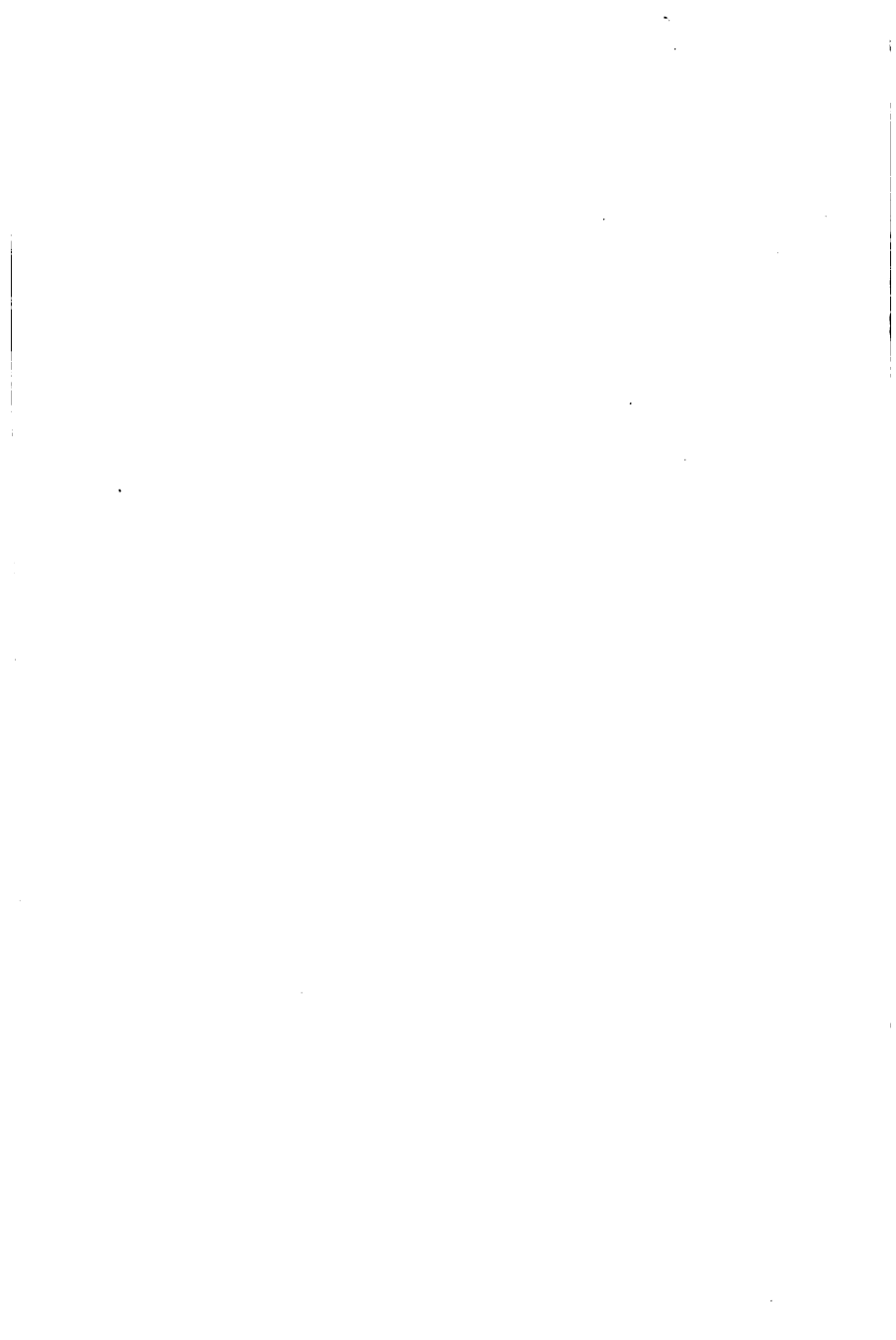
The people wept to see him depart, for with all his foolishness he had shown himself wiser than them all.

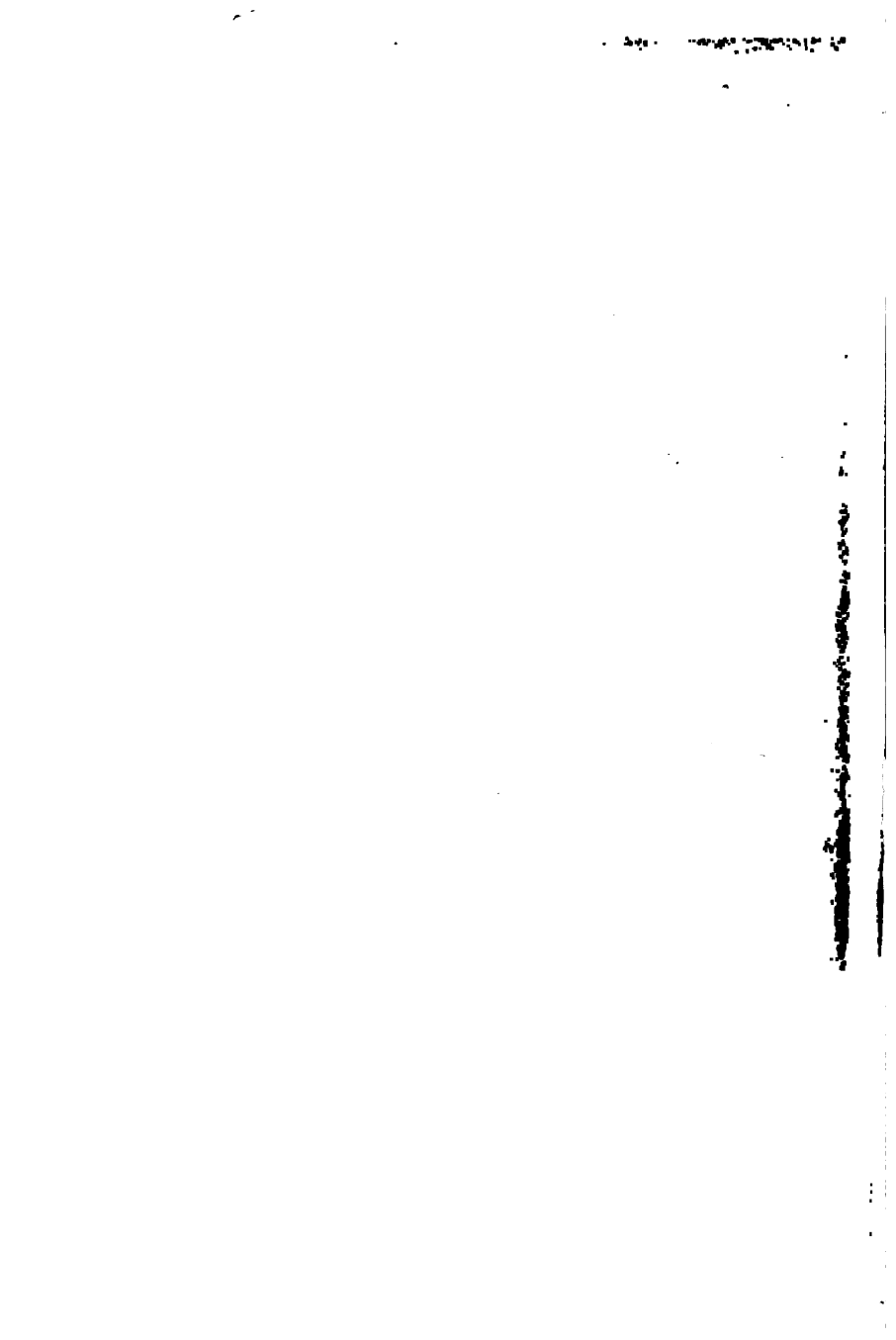
Don Quixote and Sancho soon returned to their native village, and the knight, being ill, took to his bed. After a long, quiet sleep, Don Quixote called his niece to his bedside and said : " My reason is free and clear, the dark clouds of folly are passed away. My only sor-

row is that I learned so late in life the folly and extravagance in the hateful books of chivalry."

Having made his will, in which he remembered his faithful servant Sancho, his housekeeper, and his niece, Don Quixote received the sacrament and died calmly.







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